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Art. I. *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa*,
by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part the Third, Scandinavia. Sec-
tion the First, 4to. pp. 763. Price 4l. 14s. 6d. London, 1819.

WE may justly congratulate the traveller who, at a time abounding to excess with the works of competitors in the same department, can venture to put his credit with the reading public to such a test as that involved in a *fifth* massive quarto volume of travels, accompanied with the announcement that yet another (though of inferior dimensions) remains to be brought out as the conclusion of the series,—a series which will by that time have extended to between four and five thousand pages. We have no doubt Dr. Clarke is safe in making this daring experiment; and that he is so, is a powerful testimony to his extraordinary qualifications. At the same time, many even of his most gratified readers will think, that he has taken the utmost advantage of the privilege enjoyed in virtue of his uncommon endowments. They may be of opinion, that for the sake of preserving a geographical continuity of narrative, he has sometimes described spots, and sometimes related incidents, which would better have been passed without notice in a course of such immense length. It may, especially, be thought that one large volume might have sufficed for this Third Part, relating to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Finland, regions which have contributed rather largely within the last twenty years to the English library of travels and topography. Of several portions of these tracts, we have in fact much later descriptions, Dr. Clarke's travelling journal being dated so far back as the year 1799. The journey was therefore in part contemporary with that performed through the same countries by Acerbi, who published his very entertaining account *seventeen years ago*, during which interval, successive tourists through those northern regions, have had time enough to travel, publish, and be forgotten.

In an age when the world is so changeable, and when books so quickly report its changes, it is obvious what a deduction is felt to be made from the interest of this Third Part, by the consideration of how much has taken place to render its descriptions obsolete. Descriptive sketches, which twenty years ago were strikingly true to reality, may now have their significance transmuted into a new character, as exemplifications of the truth that the fashion of the world passes away. This new mode of interest has its value, but it is not what we naturally seek for in a book of travels; besides, in order to feel it, we must possess in the knowledge of the present or recent state of things, the means of making the comparison.

Changes of no slight importance have been effected in some parts of Scandinavia, since our Author's peregrinations there. That, however, which necessarily remains very much the same, is the most interesting. The general character and manners of the people, bearing the ancient impression of time, will but little have yielded to any modifying influence of new political arrangements. And as to the great features of nature, the mountains, the immense forests, the torrents,—little signifies it to them, or to the persons who shall contemplate them, whether a king, or an emperor, whether an old legitimate dynasty, or an upstart, stands as the denomination of chief authority, which has been willingly retained, or compulsorily adopted, in the public offices of the country.

It is to be added, that Dr. Clarke is one of that small number of writers of travels who may assume to be, in a considerable measure, independent on time; whose observations involve so much general truth and so much learning, whose descriptions are so picturesque, whose narratives have so much vivacity without affectation, that their books will command attention by means of these intrinsic qualities long after they may have ceased, in consequence of changes wrought by time, to be regarded as authorities for the actual state of the countries to which they relate. That our Author's work might possess this advantage in the highest degree, is one reason for regretting its excessive dilatation.

All his readers are apprised that the part of his journal which he reserved to come last in the order of publication, was first in the order of travelling. Lest, however, any one should apprehend it may therefore be a string of crudities and inflations, betraying a youth just let loose from school or from college, and marvelling at every thing beyond sea, it is proper to be mentioned that he was already, at the beginning of the long career, of which his book when finished will present the relation, an old stager in the business, having spent, he says, the preceding ten years in travelling, chiefly in the south of Europe.

As it would be quite superfluous now to recount the distinguishing qualities and merits of a traveller and writer so often criticised and become so intimately known to the reading public, we shall content ourselves with a very brief indication of the stages, and the most striking views of nature and man, in his northern progress.

Few more remarkable objects occurred in the whole route than one at the beginning of it, the island of Heligoland. The circumstance which makes it so is the vast difference between its present and its past visible dimensions.

Of this island there is nothing now remaining but the higher part, appearing like a huge mound rising out of the water. All the lower and fertile districts have been covered by an encroachment of the sea; and the rest, being annually diminished, is preparing to undergo the same fate. A map of Heligoland* has been preserved, wherein is delineated the situation of ancient *temples*, *citadels*, and *villages*, surrounded by woodlands and cultivated districts, traversed by rivers, all of which are now beneath the waves. By this curious document, it may be seen what the island was in the *seventh*, at the end of the *thirteenth*, and in the *seventeenth* centuries; and the gradual destruction, which has reduced an extensive territory to its present inconsiderable state, may be duly traced.

It may be questioned whether we should so implicitly admit the entire authenticity of a delineation which assigns exactly the sites of so many now submerged temples, and cloisters, and castles. At any rate, however, there must have been a tremendous catastrophe. And yet we cannot help being pleased with the kind of emblem it seems to suggest to the fancy, of the future annihilation of heathenism, popery, and war. How delightful it will be one day to look at a moral map of the world constructed to tell where they did exist, but have perished.

The prodigious bustle of traffic in Hamburgh, at that time, when it was flourishing immoderately upon the ruination of the property of all Europe besides, the earnest universal worship of Mammon, the destitution of literature and fine art, the luxurious diet, the beds made for gentlemen sleeping with their boots on, and the other characteristics, we may without hazard say *all* the other characteristics of the place, are hit off in a very spirited manner. On the route from Hamburgh our Author meets with many things which amuse and interest him in spite of the execrable roads and wretched travelling vehicles; things, however, not of an order to make the reader regret that he cannot, though at that or any greater cost, see or hear them himself. As for

* The Author is indebted for this map to the kindness of his friend, Sir W. Gell. It was found in *Heligoland*, and there copied by Mr. Atkins.

hearing, there was certainly nothing equal to the grand oratorio of frogs, all the way from Lubeck to Eutin.

'To call it croaking, would convey a very erroneous idea of it, because it is really harmonious; and we gave to these reptiles the name of *Holstein nightingales*. Those who have not heard it, would hardly believe it to be possible for any number of frogs to produce such a powerful and predominating clamour. The effect of it, however, is certainly not unpleasing; especially after sunset, when all the rest of animated nature is silent, and seems to be at rest. The noise of any one of them singly, as we sometimes heard it near the road, was, as usual, disagreeable, and might be compared to the loudest quacking of a duck; but when, as it generally happened, tens of thousands, nay millions, sung together, it was a choral vibration, varied only by cadences of sound, something like those produced upon musical glasses; and it accorded with the uniformity which twilight cast over the woods and waters.'

As to what was seen, with all possible respect for the old Teutonic wells, and the cromlechs, and the clock with the twelve apostles, and Celtic drinking horns, and a noble picture of Salvator Rosa, we may doubt whether, to 'a spirit touched 'to finer issues,' any of the spectacles would impart so much emotion, or elation, as the glorious, and to our Author new and strange appearance of the heavens at the rising of the sun, finely described at page 60.

But a very brief sojourn was made among the Danes, whose capital, however, underwent a most active scrutiny for curiosities, natural, literary, antiquarian, or of any kind whatever. The most remarkable one, perhaps, but the least pleasing to behold, was the spectacle of the poor King, who, at a review of troops, 'was allowed to walk in and out of the tent of the 'royal family, and to exhibit proofs of his mental derangement 'to all the by-standers.'

'A young officer, a sentinel at the door of the tent, with a drawn sword in his hand, attracted the King's notice; going up to him, his majesty made the most hideous grimaces close to his face, and poured forth at the same time, a torrent of the lowest abuse. The conduct of this young subaltern was very commendable. Orders had been issued, that no notice should ever be taken of what the unfortunate monarch might say; nor any reply whatever be made to his questions: consequently the officer stood fixed and immoveable as a statue; and, during the whole time that the King remained spluttering in his face, not a feature of his countenance was changed, but preserved the utmost firmness and gravity, as if unconscious that any person was addressing him. When the King observed, that he could make no impression on the object of his rage, his insanity took a different turn; and beginning to exhibit all sorts of antics before the different Ambassadors and Envoys who were collected before the entrance of the pavilion, he suddenly rushed into the tent.'

Of the Danes generally our Author remarks, 'There is a littleness in every thing that belongs to them, excepting their stature, which bears no proportion to the bulk of their intellectual attainment.' On the way to Sweden, the castle of Cronberg was visited and examined with a degree of interest, from the memory of the ill-fated queen Matilda, who was for a while imprisoned there.

The party crossed the Sound, into the immense kingdom of woods. All the accounts they had previously heard and read, had failed to give any thing approaching to an adequate idea of the prodigious exhibition of this sylvan character over the extent of Sweden.

'If the reader cast his eyes upon the map of Sweden, and imagine the Gulph of Bothnia to be surrounded by one contiguous unbroken forest, as ancient as the world, consisting principally of pine-trees, with a few mingling birch and juniper trees, he will have a general and tolerably correct notion of the real appearance of the country.'

One of the mere preliminary patches of this stupendous forest, had for our Author a genial and magical gloom, which brought into action the classical and poetical forms of his imagination. It was one of the tracts without underwood, where

'the eye is enabled to penetrate into the depth of shade; and the uncertainty of objects increasing by distance amidst the stems of the trees, strange forms seem to be visible, of a nature so doubtful that, not knowing what they are, a rude and unenlightened people might easily believe them to be supernatural appearances; either monstrous beasts, or men of gigantic stature; or ghosts and dæmons, dimly passing in the thickest gloom of the wilderness. Hence, perhaps, originated, among the ancients, a belief in *Sylvani*, and in all the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* with which they peopled their unbroken forests.'

And then, with that facility, (inclining and sometimes indulged, perhaps, a little to excess,) with which he can at all times fly off in references to any kind of literature, ancient or modern, he digresses into a speculation on Plutarch's story of a satyr which was brought to Sylla, near Dyrrachium.

In remarking on the appearance of the country within a stage or two of Gothenburg, he has occasion to notice how friendly the lords proprietors are to nature's purpose of keeping it a wilderness,—but not from any taste for the picturesque.

'Some faint indications of agriculture were visible near these little tenements; but industry is more discouraged than promoted by the conduct of the Lords, who appropriate to themselves whatever becomes worth seizing from the peasants, without making them the smallest compensation for their labour; and if a little farm grow large enough to excite their cupidity, its owner is driven from it, to begin again in the cultivation of some other barren spot.'

At Gottenburg, the magnitude of the herring-fishery excites the astonishment of our Author. He was informed that the number taken there amounts sometimes to two millions of barrels in a single season, each barrel containing from twelve to thirteen hundred fishes. In some seasons they have been in such quantities as to form a cheap manure for land; 'and in this way,' he says, 'they are often used in the western parts of Scotland, owing to want of salt for preserving them.' The number of 'two millions of barrels in a single season,' is probably a somewhat careless and large reckoning, since, a few sentences lower, Dr. C. mentions in terms apparently importing an extreme case, that 'in the Gothenburg fishery they have been known to take, in one night, six thousand barrels.'

Our Author felt much less admiration than most other travellers have expressed at sight of the cataracts of Trollhætta. Willing, however, that this celebrated spectacle should be no loser by him, he transcribes a very animated description from the manuscript journal of the late Mr. Blomfield, in which Trollhætta is made to be superior, for the impression of magnificence, to every other fall in Europe. A presumption somewhat in favour of Dr. C.'s calmer estimate would seem to arise from his relation of a freak of 'the young king of Sweden,' the personage, we presume, who still exists somewhere in Europe, under the designation perhaps of Count Gottorp, but concerning whose sapient and lofty endowments fame and flattery have long been silent. It was six years before our Author's visit to this spot, that

'to gratify His Majesty, and by his order, two pigs, a house, and two geese, were sent down the principal fall. The pigs had the precedence on this occasion: after a headlong roll, they were landed safely, and proceeded quietly back to their sty. The floating house followed next; it was dashed to pieces. The geese came afterwards, and shared the same fate.'

To a foreigner a very remarkable appearance is presented by the green roofs of the peasants' houses, and of some of the superior ones, of which the best protection against the penetration of snow water is found to be a compact sod, placed over a roof of planks. Various objects of interest were found on the shores of the noble lake Wener, which is 'ninety-eight English miles in length, and fifty-six in breadth.' The mountains of Hunneberg and Halleberg excited much geological inquisitiveness, and the latter, having once been 'the holy mountain,' still retains traditions and monuments of ancient superstitions.

'A Celtic cœmety, close to its base, within the defile between the two mountains, is still considered as the burial-place of giants. A fearful precipice rises perpendicularly behind a thick grove of trees, which

appear to have been self-planted among the broken rocks at its base. There is also a circular range of large upright stones, near this grove; like what we should call in England, a *Druidical* circle; and upon the left hand, facing the precipice, a small circular pool of water. The tradition of the inhabitants concerning this place maintains, that the giants of old, who inhabited this country, when they wished to hasten their departure for *Valhall*, (that future state of happiness wherein all the northern nations expected to carouse full goblets of ale with the gods,) or, when any of them were seized with a *tædium vitæ*, used to repair, in complete armour, to the brink of the precipice, whence leaping down, they were dashed to pieces, and immediately made partakers of *Elysium*. The same tradition adds, that the bodies of the giants were washed, after their fall, within the circular pool of water, previously to the ceremony of their funeral, which was conducted with great public solemnity, the body being burned, and the ashes placed in an urn and buried.'

In this part of the route, melancholy traces of the preceding unusually severe winter were left in the 'bones, everywhere visible, of famished cattle which had perished, and the houses and barns unroofed, the thatch having been torn off to supply fodder.' For the human consumers, inexhaustible supplies of fish from the lake contribute very greatly toward a balance of the year, with respect to provisions. The better condition of the people in its vicinity, than of their countrymen elsewhere, and the greater neatness and cleanliness of their habitations, agreed with other recollected examples, to warrant the observation, 'that persons dwelling on the borders of large lakes are, generally speaking, much more cleanly in their manners, and better provided with the necessaries of life, than their more mediterranean countrymen.' It is said of the shape of the cottages, in some of the villages near the Wener, that, 'ancient and simple as their style of structure is, the form might be adopted as the model of a pure and refined taste. They resemble in their shape the oldest Grecian temples; the sides of the roof being inclined at a very obtuse angle, extended over the walls so as to leave a shed all round, and being neither so high nor so narrow as in our country. The cottages of the Swiss peasants have the same elegant extension of the roof, but their buildings have greater magnitude.' Dr. C. is very justly delighted in recollecting and recording a highly pleasing and generous instance of hospitality, occurring in the most unexpected, opportune, and almost romantic manner, at one spot on this lake. This virtue, however, he says, is characteristic of the people in general, and, among the uncultivated part of them, carried sometimes to a troublesome excess.

It is under some terms of restriction to the inhabitants of the provinces lying to the north of Stockholm, that very strong testimony is borne to the honesty of the Swedes. As very re-

markable practical evidence, it is mentioned that, in the route from Orebro toward Stockholm,

‘Near the road, there commonly occurred upright posts, supporting boxes for receiving charitable donations: these had generally a small shed placed over the box, and beneath the shed there was sometimes a picture representing the figure of a mendicant in the attitude of supplicating alms. We could but consider these little depôts as so many monuments of the honesty of the people: there is not any part of our own country, where, if alms were thus collected, the boxes for containing them would remain safe from violation in the public highways, during a single night. Another proof, whether of good government or of great virtue, in Sweden, is, that high-way robberies are unheard of. No one thinks of guarding against an evil which is never experienced; therefore the traveller proceeds on his journey unarmed, and in perfect safety, at all hours of the day and night: neither is his property liable to the attacks of pilferers, in places where he may happen to rest: not an article would be stolen from his carriage, if left in the public street or road; whereas in Russia, every bit of the harness and tackle would be carried off, every moveable thing purloined, and bolts and bars be found insufficient to protect whatever effects he may have carefully locked within his trunks.’

The solicitude of the travellers not to be too late in the arctic world to obtain a sight of ‘the midnight sun,’ allowed but a very short stay at Stockholm in the journey northward. Reserved for a more regular illustration in the concluding volume, it is here made the subject of only some slight amusing sketches, accompanied with a very picturesque description extracted from the journal of Mr. Blomfield. Entering the city by an avenue of the meanest appearance, without prospect, and without the slightest signs of the multitude and stir of population imagined inseparable from a metropolis, the stranger is surprised almost into amazement on coming suddenly into a grand square of palaces, and other superb structures. But he is soon to have another change of feeling, and the inflation of wonder is condensed by the discovery that this magnificence is little better than show.

‘This square may be considered as affording a concentration of almost every thing worth seeing in Stockholm; and, if we were to judge from external appearance only, we should say, that there are few things in Europe to vie with the colossal greatness which it exhibits; but when we found, upon a closer examination, that, as at Petersburg, the semblances and show of architecture consisted, for the most part, of white-washed edifices, built either of bricks, or, what is worse, of lath and plaster, not having half the durability even of Bernasconi’s cement; mere wood and mortar, tricked out to look like Corinthian pillars and stone walls; we could but consider such pageantry as only one degree removed from the pasteboard and painted scenery of a common play-house.’

There is some pleasant gossip about the royal family, the then youthful and whimsical head of which was that last of the proud denomination of Gustavus, he that sent the pigs down the water-fall, and was himself to tumble about as precipitately from a throne. He exhibited himself at a review, where also appeared the young and beautiful queen, of whom it was told, among other matters of minor scandal, that

‘One of the old courtiers approaching her, and rather overacting the ludicrous etiquette and reverential obeisance enjoined by the rules of the Swedish Court, her Majesty snatched off his wig, and buffeted his bald pate with it.’

The topic of most interest is the assassination of the former king, Gustavus the Third, by Ankarstrom, of which our Author was shewn various memorials, as, the dress the king had on at the time, including the shirt, much stained with his blood; and the assassin's knife and pistol, with the nails which constituted part of the fatal discharge. A print is given, asserted to be a good likeness of Ankarstrom, represented as exposed standing on a scaffold, where, during the three days of this exposure, he maintained ‘a firm and lofty expression of countenance, regarding the vast throng of spectators with an unmoved appearance of calmness and indifference.’

‘On the fourth day, his right hand was struck off; after which he was beheaded, and his body separated into four quarters, which were exposed upon four wheels, in different quarters of the city. Five weeks after his execution, the remains of his carcase were visited by persons of distinction belonging to his party, and even by elegant women, as precious relics; and verses attached to those wheels were frequently observed, commending the action for which he suffered.’

He was, however, according to Dr. C., but a tool employed by a conspiracy of men of a very different rank, at the head of whom our Author seems to have no difficulty or scruple in placing the king's brother, the late king of Sweden. But we are not really put in possession of any new information relative to that memorable transaction.

When Dr. C. has passed the 60th parallel of latitude, (about that of Upsal,) he becomes delighted with the people, of whose kindness, honesty, simplicity, cheerfulness, and industry, indeed, he has given some very pleasing pictures. Hospitality was a virtue which cost so little effort, and in which so little was assumed of the air of conferring a favour, that the strangers could freely indulge themselves in taking the benefit of it. One instance, however, is mentioned, in which this pleasure was not perfectly unalloyed. A merchant at Gefle, from whom they ‘experienced very polite attention,’ mentioned to them, in terms of great indignation, that two of his ships had been carried into Gibraltar by a captain of the British navy, under circumstances

which caused their condemnation. When the captain's name was given, our Author deemed it prudent to conceal that it was that of his own brother.

Much is said, from time to time, of the noble forests, and the other features of a scenery often very grand. The cataracts of the Dal, between Meheda and Elfskarleby, appeared to Dr. C. much more magnificent than those of Trolhætta had done. And the description includes a curious account of the sawing-mills, and of a bridge ably constructed to defy the fury of the torrent a little below the falls,—a fury to which is sometimes added all the strength of a swell of nearly thirty feet above the usual state of the stream. A few stages further on, there was suddenly presented another tremendous cataract, where the Ljusna, a large river from the Norwegian alps, arrives near the Bothnian Gulf. The impression of such grand spectacles must have been aggravated by the effect upon the mind of the gloom of the forest scenery, and the comparative solitude.

And the tone of mind so produced, must be adapted to receive a peculiarly gratifying impression from the amiable character of the human beings of the region, when they are sometimes brought in view. Even the good qualities of the one habitually present, the driver of the travelling vehicle, must have a heightened value in traversing a scene where it may so easily occur to thought, what a malignant person in that capacity might find opportunity to perpetrate. Our Author contrasts these Swedish conductors, with those of Italy.

‘Nothing can offer a more striking contrast, in national character and manners, than the drivers of post-horses in Italy and Sweden; and the very opposite manner in which their feelings are expressed. The Italian postillion, if he be irritated by the censure of his employer, turns pale; his lips quiver; he bites his thumbs; and perhaps draws his *stiletto*. The Swede silently sighs at reproaches which he may have deserved; or, if he have not deserved them, he is melted into tears. Yet it is the Italian who possesses an effeminate character; and the Swede who is actuated by a manly one.’

The gloom of this forest scenery sometimes receives a new and more solemn character from conflagration.

‘The burning of a forest is a very common event in this country; but it is most frequent toward the north of the Gulph of Bothnia. Sometimes a considerable part of the horizon glares with a fiery redness, owing to the conflagration of a whole district, which, for many leagues in extent, has been rendered a prey to the devouring flames. The cause is frequently attributed to lightning; but it may be otherwise explained; and we shall have to notice some remarkable instances of these fires in the sequel.’

He speaks with emphasis of the scenery of the noble but almost unknown river Njurunda; as what would furnish the

grandest subjects to the landscape painter. But indeed his admiration is excited at almost every change of view along the whole coast of Westro-Bothnia. Its diversification by the intervention of men or the other animals was very small; but yet something was added to its character, in point of novelty and strangeness, by the iron-founderies that here and there caused a devastation of the forest; the process of producing tar, by burning the roots of the trees; the farming establishment, consisting of a cluster of log-houses, with the immense rack for exposing the sheaves of corn, reaped before ripe, to the air and sun; and the costume and manners of the people, especially when brought together in some number on the Sunday, on which day every woman was seen with a Bible in her hands. Something was added, too, by the prodigious ant hills, regarded by our Author as much surpassing, according to a scale formed upon a comparison between the respective builders, the Pyramids of Egypt, and by the legions of insects, named *Brumsa*, and resembling bees, or hornets, from which the travellers and their horses sustained a sanguinary attack. It is not to be reckoned among the *characteristics* of the country, that one instance occurred, in the long journey from Stockholm to the head of the Gulf, of the exposure of a dissevered malefactor on three wheels, fixed at the top of three high stumps of trees: it was the body of a murderer, of whom the people seemed desirous to forget the odious history.

The strangest circumstance, to the feelings of these wanderers toward the north, must have been that they were sensibly escaping very fast from Nature's great phenomenon of Night. They could read or write as well at midnight as at noon. The disappearance of the sun became so brief, that they beheld and admired at the same instant the beautiful effects of his setting and of his rising, on the clouds of the horizon. This new state of the physical world had, however, its inconvenience to our southerners.

' At Fanskog we rested for a few hours; writing our journals without candles, half an hour after midnight, by a light that could not be called twilight: it was rather the glare of noon, being reflected so strongly from the walls and houses, that it was painful to our eyes; and we began already to perceive, what we had never felt before, that darkness is one of the benevolent gifts of Providence, the value of which, as conducive to repose, we only become sensible of when it ceases altogether to return. There were no shutters to the windows; and the continued blaze which surrounded us we would gladly have dispensed with, if it were possible. When we closed our eyes, they seemed to be still open: we even bound over them our handkerchiefs; but a remaining impression of brightness, like a shining light, wearied and oppressed them. To this inconvenience we were afterwards more exposed; and although use

rendered us somewhat less affected by it, it was an evil of which we all complained; and we hailed the returning gloom of autumn as a blessing and a comfort.

For calling together the cattle, and for frightening away the wolves, the people have a long tube, of curious construction, named a *lure*. A wild beautiful nymph, perched on a rock, amused them by a performance on one of these instruments, six feet long, which gave a loud and formidable blast, that might be heard several miles. At Skelleftea they admired a fine large church, in the Grecian style, to the worship in which people sometimes come from a distance of a hundred miles. At Gamla Lulea they were gratified by the first sight of Laplanders. Near Tornea they fell in with the able geographer of these regions, Baron Hermelin, who was on a scientific expedition, accompanied with several accomplished young men to assist him. He informed the Englishmen they were too late in the season for a journey to the North Cape. By mosquitos, and by some signs of a worse morality in the people, they were admonished that the sequel of their adventure might be attended by grievances not hitherto experienced.

Tornea is a very fair subject for some extent of description, even though there should not be many more circumstances so remarkable as that of the grass growing up in the streets to be mown, as a regular part of the hay harvest. But something more should have been said of these streets, as to their relation to the business and local arrangement of the town. The strange solitude of the streets is mentioned in another part of the account. It is nevertheless a place of considerable business, according to the scale of the numbers, wants, and possessions, of an arctic population, of which it forms the humble emporium, containing six or seven hundred inhabitants. In February, travelling merchants set out thence to the north, for the purchase of the skins of rein-deer, bears, white foxes, and wild cats. They go in various directions, and some as far as the North Cape.

It is said that the march upon this grand expedition constitutes one of the most remarkable sights that can be imagined. Each merchant has in his service from five to six hundred rein-deer, besides thirty Laplanders and other servants. One person is able to guide and manage about fifteen rein-deer, with their sledges. They take with them merchandize to the amount of three thousand rix-dollars, (about 450*l.* sterling). This consists of silver plate, in the form of drinking-vessels, spoons, &c. They also carry cloth, linen, butter, brandy, and tobacco, all of which they take to Norway. Upon this occasion, they display as much magnificence as possible. The rein-deer are set off with bells and costly trappings. We saw some of their collars made of buff kersey mere embroidered with flowers. The procession formed by a single

merchant's train will extend two or three English miles. Provisions of every kind are carried with them. Their dealing with the Lapps is not transacted by means of money, but in the way of barter.

Though it is 'an unusual thing to see any body in the 'streets,' the two churches, one for service in the Swedish, the other in the Finnish language, 'have congregations in such 'multitude, that they astonish the stranger.' 'The duty of the 'Sabbath,' says our Author, 'seems never to be neglected.' It appears to be in the tone of great complacency that he adds, 'The 'Church of Sweden knowing neither heresy nor schism, there 'are no such places as Meeting-houses, either to excite fanaticism, or to cherish religious dissensions among the people.' Besides the rigours of its winter, the country is indeed infested with mosquitos, bugs, brumsas, *furie infernales*, and wolves; but happily not with meeting-houses. When a place is fortunately clear of any particular nuisance with which other places are plagued, it is worth while to consider how to keep it so. Now then as to this plague of meeting-houses, what is to be done in such a case as this,—that in any part of this arctic tract of immunity from schism, that at Tornea for instance, some minority of the accustomed worshippers in the churches should come, by reading and rational thought, to be convinced of the absurdity and superstition of the doctrine of the Swedish Church, that the real person of Christ is eaten and drunken in the sacramental bread and wine, and should therefore feel it a matter of conscience and honesty, to avow their dissent from this gross error, and adopt correspondently in practice a religious service purified from it,—a service which would require a meeting-house? It is evident enough how desirable it would be to stop such an incipient mischief, but still the question is, by what means? Might not some little coercive interference of the magistrate be warranted, on so good a plea as the prevention of 'schism and religious dissention among the people?' And the enlightened protestant looker-on might surely account the harmony, which had been preserved by ignorance and error, unfortunately exchanged for a state of dissention which proved that in part the people were obtaining a clear riddance at last of one of the gross relics of popish delusion and absurdity.

A very lively course of narrative is supplied by the voyage up the river Tornea, in prosecution of a somewhat undefined plan of making as wide an excursion to the north and west as the season and health might permit. The latter was failing in the case of our Author. 'A total neglect of that rest which is 'necessary for recruiting exhausted nature, during many days 'and nights of incessant fatigue without sleep, while it deprived 'him of strength, also brought a total loss of appetite, attended 'with symptoms rather of an alarming nature.' Determined

resolution, with some aid from medical advice, carried him forward, through all sorts of activities, adventures, and observations; through assailable vermin, and heats, and viands not always the most grateful, and the encountering and ascending of rapids, of which more than a hundred were counted in the Tornea and the Muonio.

'The most surprising part of their history is, that the persons appointed to work the boats, or rather large canoes, which are employed in conducting persons up the rivers, actually force their vessels up these falls, by means of long poles, which are always used instead of oars; and their dexterity in doing this is so marvellous, that it is one of the first things that ought to be noticed; the success of a voyage into the interior of Lapland depending entirely upon it. In descending the same rivers, they also suffer their boats to be precipitated with the torrent, guiding and preserving them from being upset, with wonderful skill and address.'

There must have been something extremely fantastic, and almost magical, in some of the stages of this ascent to the north, in the combination of a perpetuity of day-light with the solemnity of the deep solitude which surpassed the gloom of night.

'In these woods,' says our Author, describing the walks through the shade, along the bank of the river, while the Laplanders were forcing the boat up the rapids, 'in these woods, when removed from the noise of the cataracts, there is sometimes a stillness which is quite awful; it is the unbroken silence of Nature left entirely to herself. If it be interrupted, it is only by the humming of the mosquitos, or the piping of the beccasine, or the murmur of the wind. Man seems to be an intruder, for the first time, into the midst of solitudes that have never been trodden by human foot.'

The complete want, for hundreds of miles, of whatever mountains can contribute to the interest of scenery, was in a measure compensated by the varying forms of the course of the fine rivers Tornea and Muonio, sometimes spread into a succession of lakes with verdant islands; by the riches and magnificence of flowering plants on the banks; by the fishery by means of floating fires, in which the mode of killing salmon with harpoons obtains from Dr. C. and Von Buck the strange epithet 'beautiful;' and by falling in here and there with the good-natured pigmy inhabitants. But in default of all other means of stimulation, the mosquitos had been enough to preserve a state of attention, and consciousness of existence. They maintained an unrelenting persecution, which would have rendered life sometimes almost intolerable, even to a person less oppressed by ill health than our Author. A room could not be cleared of them without being filled with a thick suffocating smoke, which was to be carefully retained as its atmosphere, to prevent their return

in legions. No veils or clothing for the face, neck, or hands, could defend against their stings. 'So powerful is the little flexible *proboscis* with which they make their punctures, that it will penetrate very thick leather; the doe skin gloves upon our hands not being a sufficient protection from their attacks.' The English blood had a great preference with them to that of the natives. The travellers were at last compelled to adopt the disgusting expedient employed by the natives, of besmearing the face, neck, hands, and legs, with a compost of tar and cream, by which they obtained a delightful relief that made them ashamed of the daintiness which they had so long kept at such a cost. These insects are so very heavy a plague on sensitive existence during the finer part of the year, that 'we cannot wonder,' says our Author, 'that the poor Esquimaux, who are nearly allied to the Laplanders, should consider them as personifications of the evil principle, and always speak of them as the winged ministers of hell.' But he adds, from the sagacious suggestion of Linnæus, that they have their utility to the people whom they torment,

'since the legions of *larvæ*, which fill the lakes of Lapland, form a delicious and tempting repast to innumerable multitudes of aquatic birds; and thereby providentially contribute to the support of the very nations which they so strangely infest.'

Many curious scenes took place with the natives, of whom Dr. Clarke has given the most lively and graphical descriptions, in all their national and local characteristics. One of the most entertaining is in the account of a visit to 'the tugurium of a nomade Laplander,' nor far from Muonioniska, into whose conical summer tent the travellers suddenly introduced themselves, without a moment's warning, contrary to the wishes of the Laplander's son, by whom they were conducted to this residence of the family. What we are least prepared to expect in the disclosure is, that though there were seven persons stowed in the hive, there was no appearance of filthiness. But indeed every where our Author has vindicated the Laplanders from this charge, so constantly cast on them by the ignorance of these more delicate nations, not a few of the people of which might learn a useful lesson from the well-scoured utensils, and apartments, and vestments, of these reputed barbarians.

When we speak of apartments, however, we are referring to the families that have fixed abodes, and a kind of farming establishments, as contradistinguished from those that prefer the simplicity of a moveable dwelling in the summer and winter wigwam. These latter form the much smaller proportion of the people; and it was to behold a specimen of this state of life, that the travellers diverted to some distance from their regular route, in the present instance. For the rude intrusion, an

apology was made in the form of a present of tobacco and brandy, for which elixir all the men and women in Lapland are equally furious. 'They will almost part with life itself,' says Dr. C. 'for the gratification of dram-drinking.' An extra quantity having been swallowed by the old man of the little horde, he began to sing, and was prompted and requested by the strangers to give a regular sample of the national music. The favour, unequalled, it should seem, by any similar one ever conferred in any other place, was conceded.

'With both his fists clenched, and thrusting his face close to that of the interpreter, as if threatening to bite him, he uttered a most fearful yell. It was the usual howl of the Laplanders, consisting of five or six words, repeated over and over, which when translated, occur in this order:

Let us drive the wolves!

Let us drive the wolves!

See, they run!

The wolves run!

The boy, also, our former guide, sang the same ditty. During their singing they strained their lungs so as to cause a kind of spasmodic convulsion of the chest, which produced a noise like the braying of an ass. In all this noise there was not a single note that could be called musical; and it is very remarkable that the Laplanders have not the smallest notion of music. Neither have they any national dance, being entirely strangers to an exercise, which, with the exception of this singular people, seems to be common to the whole human race.'

'These nomade Laplanders devour more animal food than those that dwell in settled habitations, and cultivate the soil: with them, also, the means of subsistence are always abundant; but they are a pigmy swarthy race, of stunted growth, and most diminutive stature, and by no means to be compared in strength or size with those of their countrymen, who work harder and fare worse. When they lie down to sleep, they contract their limbs together, and huddle round their hearth, covered by a rug, each individual hardly occupying more space than a dog. We had been for some time in this little tent, when, observing something move among the rein-deer skins upon which we sate, we discovered a woman sleeping close to us, of whose presence we were before ignorant. Yet the diameter of this conical tent, at its base, did not measure more than six feet, and its whole circumference, of course, did not exceed eighteen feet, which is the usual size of the Lapland *tugurium*, both in summer and winter; although in winter they be better fenced against the inclemency of the climate. Over our heads were suspended a number of pots and wooden bowls.—'Such are the dwellings of those among the Laplanders who are called wealthy, and who sometimes possess very considerable property. In addition to the hundreds of rein-deer by which they are attended, and to whose preservation their lives are devoted, they have sometimes rich hoards of silver plate, which they buy of the merchants; but fond as they are of this distinction, their plate is always buried, and the secret of its deposit is known only to the

patriarch or chief of every family. When he dies, the members of his family are often unable to discover where he has concealed it. Silver plate, when offered to them for sale, must be in a polished state, or they will not buy it, for such is their ignorance, that when the metal, by being kept buried, becomes tarnished, they conceive that its value is impaired; and bring it to the merchants, (who derive great benefit from this traffic,) to be exchanged for other silver, which being repolished, they believe to be new.

It is afterwards said, that 'some of the Lapps possess one cwt. of silver, and those who enjoy a property of 1500 or 1000 rein-deer have much more. As they keep it always buried, it does not happen to the owner to be gratified even with the sight of his hidden treasure more than once or twice a year.' It is to be observed that these migratory families, one of which may be thus found crammed into a tent of six feet diameter on the ground, greatly surpass, by this possession of a thousand or more rein-deer, the wealth of the settled occupiers. Indeed the Doctor states, that many of these latter are, in fact, nomade Laplanders ruined, persons who have been reduced to adopt this more stationary and agricultural economy of life, by calamities and losses incurred in the wilder state. The most frequent cause of these disasters, appears to be the ravage committed by the wild beasts, the bears, and especially the wolves. There had recently been a formidable accession to the numbers of these rapacious sharers of the territory. This might take place in particular tracts, in consequence of the burning of the forests; but the very extensive and destructive augmentation of the strength of the wolves, in the few years previous to our Author's visit, was attributed to the war between Sweden and Russia, which had driven these animals from the thicker forests of the South, into the arctic region. In the district of Enontekis, in which is the source of the Muonio, one half of the rein-deer had perished by them. Many of the people had, in consequence, been driven westward, into Norway, and many others fixed down into husbandmen. But in how merely relative a sense they are described as being many, may appear from the circumstance that the only limitation to which the rover, transformed into a settler, is required to submit, is that of being content to take as his own, in full right of possession, a space of six miles in every direction from his new built hut, taking care to choose a spot,—and it should seem there is no difficulty in that respect,—which no other settler has appropriated.

During the short sojourn at Enontekis, chiefly in the house of the minister, a sensible and learned man, our Author recovered his health in a sudden and surprising manner, from eating largely of the fruit of the *rubus chamæmorus*, or cloudberry. At this place he contrived to bring the people together from a very

great distance round, and at once to amuse and frighten them when assembled, by announcing, exhibiting, and launching a very large paper balloon. The scene must have been inexpressibly strange and grotesque, especially at the time of the terror and wild tumult caused by the ascent of the balloon. It was at the minister's own suggestion that the day fixed for the exhibition was the sabbath, and the one appointed for the communion service. It does not appear whether any part of his motive was to bring a greater number of persons within the reach of religious instruction. They were addressed, however, in an extemporaneous sermon of an hour and twenty minutes. It was 'de-
'vered in a tone of voice so elevated, that the worthy pastor
'seemed to labour as if he would burst a blood vessel.' He exerted himself 'as if his audience had been stationed on the
'top of a distant mountain. Afterwards, he was so hoarse, he
'could hardly articulate another syllable.'

'As we accompanied him to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware it must appear extraordinary to a stranger; but that if he were to address the Laplanders in a lower key, they would consider him as a feeble and impotent missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church: that the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated, both among the Colonists and Lapps, by the strength and power of his voice.'

The somnolent part of the congregation were kept under a very rough discipline by the sexton, with his long stout pole, which, if its frequent stroke on the floor was not effectual, was unceremoniously 'driven against their ribs, or suffered to fall
'with all its weight upon their skulls.'

Verses from the Psalms were chanted, Dr. C. says, 'devoutly
'and harmoniously,' notwithstanding what had been said, in general, of their music. He adds,

'It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a savage people, thus celebrating the triumph of religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without recalling to mind the sublime language of ancient prophecy. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad: the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."'

The Travellers were four days too late at the village of Enontekis, for one of the chief objects of their ambition, a sight of the Midnight Sun; which, however, as being concealed only by a mountain, at a short distance, Mr. Grape, the minister, told them they might still see from the summit. As the journey and ascent must be on foot, our Author's weakness forbade him to attempt it. Mr. Cripps, with proper attendants, undertook and accomplished it. The description is given from his journal.

The phenomenon has, in truth, nothing of the mysterious and wonderful about it; yet it is impossible to help imagining it as something surpassingly strange and striking. As a spectacle altogether foreign to the order of nature in the part of the world which we inhabit, and at the same time a most magnificent object, it must, to a beholder arrived from the south, have appeared in the character of a prodigious spectre, not belonging to our economy.

'We began our ascent, and walked through forests and bogs till a quarter past eleven, when we gained the summit of the mountain. At half past eleven I saw the sun's disk coming out of a cloud, and apparently about a diameter above the horizon. It continued thus visible till near half past twelve, seeming to move in a straight line, parallel to that of the horizon. At half past twelve its orb was a diameter and a half above the horizon, being of a red colour, and somewhat dim. Its brightness was soon greatly augmented, as it now continued rising. I had a very extensive view on all sides. To the south and east the whole country seemed to consist of nothing but forests, bogs, and waters: to the north and west were mountains, on which I observed unmelted snow.'

The vicinity of these mountains, combined with the considerable height attained at Enontekis above the level of the sea, greatly moderated the oppressive heat, which had risen at one time to 110°. This coolness was the more welcome, for being held in abhorrence by the mosquitos. Some idea may be formed of the temperature of the country through which they had passed, from the fact, as asserted to them by the peasants near the confluence of the Tornea and the Muonio, 'that their barley is sown, ripened, cut, and harvested, within the space of *seven weeks*.'

The district, or immense parish of Enontekis, equal to 840 square miles, containing, however, only about so many persons, stretches to the mountain-barrier between what may be called Swedish Lapland or Lapmark,* and Finmark, the northernmost part of Norway, or Norwegian Lapland, which extends to the North Cape. The most remarkable circumstance of this Alpine barrier is, that 'there is a lake so exactly situate upon its upmost level, that a river flowing out of its southern extremity, falls into the Gulf of Bothnia, and another flowing out of its northern extremity, falls into the Icy Sea, thus insulating the whole of Scandinavia, which, owing to this circumstance, is entirely surrounded with water.' This lake is named Kilpis; the rivers are, the Omaises and the Kongama. It is somewhat gratifying to have a fact to confound the arrogant assurance of theory: the assumption has been ventured, that there is no lake, and

* The word *mark* is Swedish, and signifies *land*.

that there can be none in the world, thus sending rivers in opposite directions.

Up to the end of July, Dr. C. retained a hope of ascending further to the north ; of reaching, indeed, the lake Kilpis by the Kongama, and then following the Omaises from the Alps to the Icy Sea. The impracticability of this in his state of health, was at last admitted, on the representation of Mr. Grape, that there would not be found a single dwelling the whole way ; that the only method of resting during the dews of the night, would be by turning the boats bottom upwards, and thus, beneath a sort of tent, lying on the bare earth ; and that food might also fail. The resource of game would obviously be lost with the discontinuance of the forests : these were visibly beginning to thin and shrivel away even at Enontekis, the firs giving place to the birch, of which kind, says Dr. C., is the last tree of the last forest toward the Pole ; and this, dwindling into a creeping shrub, mingled with *betula nana*, is found all the way to the shores of the Icy Sea.

There was no alternative but to make the most of the remaining season in tracts more to the south. After having experienced, during a week's sojourn, every possible kindness from the clergyman and his family, and obtained a great deal of information respecting the country and the people, the Travellers directed their course eastward to the lake Aunis, in order to descend thence by the river of that name, thus obtaining the advantage of a diversity of route back to the Gulf, and of seeing, in the eastern Finland, a people considerably distinguished from the Laplanders. These Laplanders, however, would still be sometimes found, scattered to very great distances from what is more properly their country. It may be judged from the following portrait, that it could not be difficult to recognise them wherever they appeared.

‘ His features, like those of all the Lapps, marked him at once,’ (the owner of a place where they halted,) ‘ as belonging to a distinct and peculiar race of men ;—eyes half closed ; mouth pinched close, but wide ; ears full and large, projecting far from the head ; complexion tawny and copper-coloured ; hair dark, straight, and lank, none growing near the nape of the neck : add to this a small and stunted stature, with singular flexibility of limbs, easily falling into any posture, like all the Oriental nations ; looks regarding objects askance ; hands constantly occupied in the beginning of conversation with filling a short tobacco-pipe ; the head being turned over one shoulder to the person addressing, instead of fronting the speaker ;—such is the characteristic portrait of one and every Laplander.’

Such an aspect might at first view excite a surmise of some qualities not altogether safe to be trusted, except on the ground of the feebleness of the creatures ; but our Author bears uniform

testimony to their exemption from all bad qualities but their passion for brandy, the wild excesses attending the indulgence of which, he says, never betray malignity, nor lead to quarrels or crimes, It is consistent with every thing else among them, that there should be a considerable share of superstition; that they should believe in necromancy and fortune-telling, and be afraid of Troller, the evil spirit of the woods. The present work is very defective, we think, in point of information as to the mode and extent in which the genuine religious sentiment exists in their minds.

A less favourable description is given of the character of the Finns, inhabiting the country to the east of the Muonio and the Tornea, a more vigorous race in every sense, but combining with their excellent qualities a tendency to vice and violence,—a race considerably analogous, our Author says, to the Irish. He, however, had no cause to complain of them; he met with nothing but kindness and hospitality. And indeed the whole story of this long and wide course of rambling in Scandinavia, is a most bitter reproach to the more cultivated and polished nations of the earth. We involuntarily stop, every now and then, to reflect, with a kind of amazement, on the fact of two or three men's wandering so many hundred leagues through a strange country without *ever*, for a moment, having cause to be afraid of Man, whether by water or by land, by day or by night, watching or surrendering to sleep, in town or in wilderness. From that thing, Man, against which, in other parts of the world, it were madness not to take a multitude of precautions, and maintain in defensive exercise a constant suspicion, the strangers whose adventures we are tracing, had nothing to expect, wherever they encountered him, but kindness and assistance. It detracts nothing from that kindness and assistance, that the precise form and measure in which they could be shewn and rendered, were necessarily limited by the rough and often scanty economy of life of the persons exercising the benevolence. It was as much their own misfortune as that of the strangers, if, in many places, their bread was made of the inner bark of fir or birch, and chaff.

Much that will entertain the reader occurs in this long southward route through Finland and a part of East Bothnia, a tract of which we join with Dr. C. in deploring the fate, in having been long since he traversed it, swallowed up by that enormous monster of an empire, from which other states are yet probably destined to lament that they have not seas or wide sandy deserts to separate them.

At Uleaborg they fell in, for the first time, with Signor Acerbi and his companions. They had been on his track from stage

to stage, he having preceded them by a number of weeks in the expedition northward. He arrived at Enontekis on his return from the North Cape, on the very day after they had left that most hospitable spot, and by a different route had reached Uleaborg before them. Our Author was greatly pleased with the Italian's intelligence, urbanity, and various accomplishments.—From Wasa, the Englishmen crossed the Gulf of Bothnia, to extend their enterprise over the Alpine ridge between Sweden and Norway, to survey the wild and grand scenes of this latter region. In this transition we must take leave, once more, of our indefatigable tourist and observer, with the general report, in a single sentence, that this concluding part of the volume abounds with whatever, in Dr. C.'s volumes, contributes so effectually to prevent the reader from wishing to reach the conclusion.—We have been too long pleased in his company, not to anticipate it as a pleasure that we may fall into it again.

The plates in this volume are in general excellent, both for choice of subjects, and for execution. Some of them exhibit landscapes of a very noble character.

Art. II. *Peak Scenery* ; or, Excursions in Derbyshire : made chiefly for the Purpose of Picturesque Observation. Illustrated with Engravings by Messrs. W. B. and Geo. Cooke, from Drawings made by F. L. Chantrey, Esq. Sculptor, R. A. Dedicated, by Permission, to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. By E. Rhodes. Part First, 4to. pp. 106. Price 1l. 4s. Large paper, 1l. 14s. 1818.

IF among the pleasures of taste, in the mental sense of that term, a man were required to specify the one most simple, most innocent, least liable to corruption, and most readily harmonizing with religion, he could not hesitate to name that which is imparted by the beauty and sublimity of Nature. With these qualities in its favour, this mode of the exercise and pleasure of taste will inevitably become more prevalent as the genuine improvement of mankind advances. And therefore it is probable it may prevail most of all in the last, highest state of improvement which we are permitted to anticipate for our race on this earth, that state of which the essence and the glory will be the universal prevalence of religion. That state will necessarily involve a high improvement of all the faculties of the soul, which cannot be without an increased sensibility to sublimity and beauty, of which sensibility the preferred subjects of exercise and indulgence will be those forms and phenomena which are the least related or liable to moral evil, which are the most independent of man, and which most illustrate the glory of the Creator.

There is then some reason to be pleased at observing, what has been obvious of late years, a more prevailing taste for the

beautiful and grand in landscape scenery, as viewed both in the reality of nature and in the representations of art. Let it not be imagined, that because we think such a taste must exist in a high degree in the most improved and religious state of the human race, we are allowing ourselves to fancy we see in its present increase any sign of the progress of religion. We are not quite so simple. We do not even need be told, that some considerable proportion of the shew of this taste is mere affectation; while yet there must be some reality to make the affectation worth while. We are aware, too, that some of the influences under which it has grown, have amounted, in their operation, to somewhat less than a radical intellectual cultivation of taste. The restlessness of spirit, seeking amusement in frequent change of place, but seeking to make out a respectable motive in the fine natural circumstances of the scene of the sojourn; a sort of headlong admiration of recent and contemporary descriptive poetry; the acquisition, by a much greater number of young persons than formerly, of a little skill in the art of sketching; the prodigious number of travels and tours with graphic decorations; and the very signal excellence attained in this country, beyond every other, in landscape-engraving, so that without any technical knowledge of the art, the eye and imagination of a person in the smallest degree sensible to the beauty of nature, are irresistibly attracted by such exquisite representations of that beauty; all these have contributed to the effect which we have asserted to be visible, and some parts of the contribution will partake but little of real cultivation of taste. Yet, after all deductions, we think there is a great increase, if we may not say of the *sensibility* to the charms and majesty of nature, at least of understanding and acknowledgement that there is a vast deal in the scenery of nature of what justly claims to be admired. And this we regard as a pleasing circumstance, since it will be favourable to the cultivation of taste in general, will be conducive to habits of observation, will be counteractive, in some degree, to that wretchedly artificial state into which the economy of life among us is perverted, and will encourage those arts which not only are directly of very high utility, and afford a very fine and legitimate field for genius and industry, but may contribute to give to luxury itself a much more refined and intellectual direction than it would otherwise be apt to take. We may add, that where there is religion, this perception of beauty and grandeur in the works of God, will diversify its exercise, and sometimes augment its emphasis.

Nature almost every where displays beauties in some sense, and of some kind or other; but the character which is denominated *picturesque*, is what the inhabitants of much the greater portion of the earth's surface must look for elsewhere than on

the spots where it is their lot to reside. In many parts of our own island, though by no means in this respect one of the least favoured tracts of the world, the admirer of this character has to content himself, for habitual sight, with something rather unfortunately contrasted with what he knows to be the appearance of other of its provinces. Mr. Rhodes, indeed, endeavours to make out as good a case as he can for the flat monotonous districts. And doubtless, the varying lights and shades of the fine seasons of the year, will, as he remarks, create pleasing appearances on almost any ground; but such transient effects will avail little to compensate the want of striking modifications of the ground itself. These modifications, besides their own permanent effect, have also all the advantage of those transient beauties, which at the same time they render incomparably more captivating than a dull flat ground could ever exhibit them.

Now, to the persons of taste thus inhabiting the tracts less favoured in the point in question, some degree of compensation may be afforded, very partial, indeed, and imperfect, but yet of considerable value, by works exhibiting the combined result of a skilful exercise of the pen, the pencil, and the graver. The present time abounds with performances of this class, of eminent merit in their kind, imparting, in addition to the pleasure they give as representations of objects and scenes, that also which is felt in seeing admirable exhibitions of talent and perfection in a fine art. Some of these works give views in our own island, the most remarkable appearances of its coasts, or its romantic spots in the interior, or its antiquities of all classes; others of them bring under our attention the magnificence and the foreign characteristics of distant regions. We wish it could be effectually inculcated on the conductors of all these works, that they should not admit into them any insignificant subjects. Some of the finest of them are not quite clear of this fault. Now and then the admiring inspector, after his eye recovers from the imposing effect of brilliant lights, and of clouds, and shadows, and trees, managed with most painter-like taste and skill, is vexed to find that these are all he has to admire, for that what purports to be the subject, is nothing better than some miserable shred of flat ground, or of sand, or a heap of rubbish with some venerable denomination of antiquity and ruin, or perhaps some paltry hamlet, with an uncouth piece of old masonry in the nature of a church. And this may occur in an elaborate and costly series of prints, professedly intended to represent, and many of them really representing most beautifully, a selection of the most striking scenes in a province or a country, which the inspector knows to contain far more striking views than could be comprehended in a much longer series of prints, though not a single insignificant subject were admitted. It seems as if the draughts-

man having chosen (perhaps from mere want of activity, or voluntary want of time, to go far enough from the road or the accommodations of the inn,) to delineate such a trifling subject, the public must pay for it at all events; it is therefore intruded into a work which, for its many finer subjects, the lovers of graphical excellence are not willing to forego. Draughtsmen themselves ought to exercise a discrimination and forbearance similar to what is demanded of authors, who are required to understand that the public does not want *every* paragraph they may have happened to write, and that they are not, on the strength of some credit which they may have deservedly gained, to tax their readers for *any* thing, indifferently and without selection, which they may have thought on a subject. The workman of the sketch-book should also understand, that many things it might be worth while, in an indolent hour, to put there, are not worth transferring thence, especially as that book, when it has been kept open through the traverse of a really picturesque tract, ought to contain worthy subjects enough to furnish the required number, without including one that should be insignificant. There must be selection, both as to the tracts where the landscape draughtsman shall go or stop at all, on a professional purpose, and as to subjects furnished to him in the region where it is worth his while to sojourn.

The claims will be instantly allowed, of the scene to be illustrated in the work of Mr. Rhodes. It is projected to extend to four parts; but he expresses himself with a very imperfect assurance of its completion, as the reception of this first part may not be such as to encourage him to proceed. His share in the performance is that of authorship; but, as in almost all similar cases, the main interest will rest on the graphical part, which consists, in this first portion, of eight plates. With regard to the selection of subjects, we should perhaps stop at *moderate* praise. Supposing thirty-two plates for the whole extent of the scenery to be described, it is obvious that scenery might furnish truly picturesque subjects for the whole number; and therefore we cannot help thinking that two or three have been admitted among the first eight, upon claims more than questionable. How could an enthusiast for nature, in a scene of nature so marked as this part of Derbyshire, admit two rude old stone crosses to form two of the eight subjects? How was it possible he should not be sensible this was doing injustice to his design? Much art is indeed successfully employed to throw, by means of appropriate accessories, a sort of picturesque effect round these trivial objects; but their poverty still glares out, and puts us out of all patience at the very art which is thus trying its fallacies to recommend them. Such things are very well to be coarsely scratched into a work formally archæological; but we

would entreat Mr. Rhodes to revise the drawings intended for the continuation of his elegant work, and rather shorten the series, than admit one more subject of so inferior a rank into so high a situation. We question, too, the claims of 'Stoney Middleton,' and the 'View in the Village of Eyam.' By means of trees, pieces of water, and ducks, they are made to have a very pretty look, especially the latter; but innumerable things of the same class are to be found in England, and we wonder how, in the district of the Peak of Derbyshire, a place proverbially celebrated for its 'wonders,' an artist could have thought it, comparatively, worth the trouble to make finished drawings of them. The place they here occupy was due to some of those bold aspects and configurations which distinguish this from ordinary tracts. The three views in Middleton Dale are just what they ought to be; they exhibit striking characteristic appearances, instead of familiar images of common rural scenery. They give us, not excluding the vegetable softenings and adornments, the wild magnificence of precipices, and, we were going to say, the beauties of smoke,—and whoever should see these plates, would, we are confident, acknowledge the propriety of the phrase. Indeed, in real scenes, the smoke from great furnaces and lime-kilns often has very remarkable beauty, and we doubt whether we have ever before seen it so finely expressed in engraving. Such engraving is capable of giving beauty even to what in its plain reality has none. In each kind of subject in this work, the engraving (in the style, chiefly, of moderately finished etching) is admirable. We hope all the subjects in the sequel may be worthy of such workmanship.

The above remarks, instead of being intended to depreciate Mr. Rhodes's work, may be considered as the expression of a high estimate of its rank. In a performance of inferior merit, what we have noted as a fault, would hardly have been worth complaining of. And it is not peculiarly to his work, but also to others of great general excellence, that we mean such remarks to be applied, to the effect of representing strongly the necessity of a stricter rule of selection, in picturesque works of great cost, professedly intended to exhibit images of what would be of extraordinary interest as seen in reality, and also intended for permanent examples of high excellence in art.

Some small degree, we think, of a parallel fault, is perceptible in the written portion of the work, the description being here and there a little too much dilated on insignificant spots of the ground perambulated. There is, however, a considerably pleasing variety of topographical notices, intermixed with the local history, biography, and anecdotes. Names of literary note belong, in consequence of nativity or residence, to the memorials of the district. These give fair occasion for introducing brief

sketches of character, and estimates of literary merit. But no other portion could, by the nature of the case, possess so strong an interest as the account of the desolation of the village of Eyam, in 1666, by the plague, brought thither from London by means of a box of clothes. The inhabitants were about three hundred and thirty, of whom two hundred and fifty-nine died within a few weeks. The melancholy scene is illuminated by the admirable and affecting conduct of the clergyman, Mr. Mompesson, and his wife, who benevolently and courageously remained on the spot, the latter to fall a victim to her inflexible determination not to separate from her companion in the hour of peril, the former to survive forty years. A noble example of Christian heroism is presented in the calm and devout resolution with which, from the first, he virtually surrendered himself to death, which he avows, in a letter here given, that he had not the slightest expectation of escaping, in order that he might, during a short precarious term, render some little aid and consolation to his terrified, and sickening, and dying friends and neighbours. By the pure force of his character, he acquired an absolute ascendancy over them, so that every suggested regulation and interdict was submitted to with implicit deference. He was thus enabled, under Providence, to prevent the communication of the contagion to the surrounding country; for, by the influence of persuasion and example, he restrained the people from quitting the village, and drew round it a boundary line, which appears to have consequently been felt as impassable as if it had been a deep moat or chasm. He preached frequently, in the open air, in a secluded hollow, from a position on a rock, still remaining and celebrated, to an auditory whose every meeting and separation must have had the solemnity of a perfect assurance that they should never all assemble again, while the leader of their worship pronounced the valediction in each instance as probably for the last time. It is difficult to conceive a more solemn and affecting, or, to prepared spirits, a more sublime situation.

We are inclined to agree in feeling with Mr. Rhodes when he regrets, somewhat reproachfully, that agriculture, especially in recent years, has shown very little respect to the numerous monumental stones which marked, in the surrounding fields, the abodes in the dust of the persons who at that time ceased to be inhabitants of the village. A spot named Riley Grave Stones, half a mile from the village, was the receptacle of a very considerable number of the dead.

There is considerable interest, though of a far less elevated and complacent kind, in the memoir of a later pastor of the village, a Mr. Cunninghame, who had a respectable talent for poetry, and after displaying many excellent qualities, was driven

by imprudence, into a wandering, eventful, and rather unfortunate course of life. Our Author describes him as 'a man ' who was once the admiration of all who knew him, afterwards ' the object of their pity, and lastly, of their condemnation.'

We presume the pleasing descriptions here given, of the open day-light beauty or gloominess of the vicinity of the Peak, will be followed, in the sequel of the work, by an ample view of the contrasted phenomena of the regions under-ground. There is indeed a little unfolding of them already, in the curious account of the formidable exploding mineral, named Slickenside, and in that of a religious miner, who was four days imprisoned in darkness, suffering, and extreme peril. We shall conclude our notice of this very elegant performance, by transcribing this relation, just remarking on the last sentence of it, that the term 'Hero' is not, in the usage of our language, of such restricted and specific meaning, as to authorize the refusal to this man of the honour of the denomination.

' At Hucklow, in the winter of 1815, a man of the name of Frost, who was engaged in one of the mines, had a miraculous escape from a very perilous situation, in which he was involved by the falling in of the earth where he was at work. His voice was heard from beneath the ground in which he was entombed, and it was ascertained that his head and body were unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his legs and thighs. Great care was required to accomplish his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed. A mass of earth was strangely, and almost miraculously suspended over his head, where it hung like an avalanche, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces with its fall. The miners, aware that his situation was one of infinite peril, durst not attempt the attainment of their object by the most direct and expeditious means; slower operations were in their opinion essential, even though they dreaded the consequences that might attend their more protracted efforts. Had that impetuosity of feeling, which, however honourable to our nature, sometimes defeats its most benevolent purposes, been alone consulted on this occasion, the poor man must inevitably have perished. They therefore proceeded with great caution and the most unwearied perseverance, from Monday, the day on which the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, when they had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of their exertions, and the restoration of a fellow-creature to his family and the world. The man was extricated from his dreadful situation, with only a few slight bruises and a broken leg, after a temporary burial of upwards of seventy-five hours. A drop of water that fell near his head, and which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, which otherwise would probably have become excessive; this fortunate occurrence, no doubt, contributed to the preservation of his existence. He was a Wesleyan Methodist; and his strong religious feelings supplied him with fortitude. Neither pain nor apprehension destroyed his composure, and he employed many of the hours

of his premature interment, in singing those psalms and hymns with which he was previously acquainted. Under other circumstances this man would have been a hero.'

Art. IV. *Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Kingsbury, M. A.* By John Bullar. 8vo. pp. 290. Price 7s. 1819.

THE Author of these interesting and instructive memoirs, justly remarks, 'that the life of a Christian Pastor can scarcely be expected to be fertile in incidents.' There may have been a few belonging to this class of society, who, from peculiar circumstances, have acquired an unusual degree of publicity, and consequently, who cannot hope to leave the world silently and unobserved. The state of religion in the present day, has produced a material change in the relative condition of the Christian Pastor, by rendering him much more of a public character than formerly, particularly should he possess an adequate degree of talents and learning, and if he be animated by a spirit of zeal and Christian benevolence. As every good, in the present imperfect state of things, has an attendant evil, it merits serious consideration, whether some injurious effects are not to be apprehended from this relative change; whether the frequent facilities now afforded to the Christian Pastor, to 'shew himself to the world,' are not likely to produce a fondness for display, and a thirst for human applause, incompatible with the spirit of Christian humility, and tending to withdraw his attention from the less ostentatious, but not less important duties of the pastoral station. There are, on the other hand, not a few of this class, who have steadily pursued, from the morning of life to its evening, 'the noiseless tenor of their way;' whose days have been spent in unremitting efforts to do good; who lived respected and honoured, and have descended into the grave with the blessings of thousands on their heads; yet who were little known beyond the sphere of their personal labours, and the principal events of whose lives, protracted to a late day, might be compressed within the compass of a very few lines. It might seem sufficient for the forming of a correct estimate of the life and character of such a one, that it be said, that in youth he devoted all the energies of a pious and richly furnished mind to the service of a particular Christian society, that among them he spent the strength and vigour of his days, and that when his physical and mental energies were exhausted, he retired to repose in the bosom of his family, and among his endeared connexions, or, which has sometimes been the case, to die neglected and almost forgotten.

Why then, it might be objected, (and the objection is not wholly unfounded), why should a minister of this retired character be needlessly obtruded on public notice? Why should the incidents of a life thus unvaried, however respectable and use-

ful, be brought before the world? To an objection of this kind, so far as it relates to the present case, the Editor of the *Memoirs of Mr. Kingsbury* has given a satisfactory reply. 'Christian Biography,' he remarks, 'has other objects than that excitement of the imagination, which keeps the mind in agitated suspense by the recital of brilliant actions, surprising adventures, and hazardous exploits. It seeks rather to produce such a book as Johnson described, when he characterized the philosophical and literary productions of Watts, as writings which when a man sits down to read, he finds himself suddenly constrained to pray.' Of this nature, we may venture to affirm, is the effect likely to be produced by an attentive and serious perusal of the little work before us. Scarcely can we conceive of a person, more especially of a Christian minister, reading these *Memoirs*, where they will be read to most advantage, in the retirement of his closet, without having his negligence re-proved, his pride and selfishness condemned, his zeal stimulated, and his best affections enkindled by the facts which it records, and the excellent traits of character which it develops.

The *Memoirs* consist chiefly of extracts from a *Diary* which, at the time of Mr. Kingsbury's death, had extended through thirty MS. volumes, and in which Mr. K. had been accustomed regularly to note down whatever events, either of a public or a private nature, fell beneath his notice, accompanied with suitable comments; it being his design to trace, with the most impartial fidelity, the history and operations of his own mind. In the arrangement and introduction of these extracts, his Biographer has followed the order of time in which they were written, as tending to 'exhibit more effectually the growth of character.' We are inclined to think that a different mode, in which the subjects treated of, rather than their *dates*, should have determined the selection, would have rendered the work more instructive. The Writer frequently deviates from the direct course of narration, to indulge in short and sprightly disquisitions on topics incidentally mentioned, and these excursions form by no means the least interesting feature of the work. Considerable address is shewn in introducing sketches of persons of different communities well known in the religious world, with whom Mr. Kingsbury was in habits of intimate friendship.

The general history of Mr. Kingsbury's life may be comprehended in very few words. He was born in London, A. D. 1744, of pious parents in humble life, and received the elements of a classical education at Merchant Taylor's school, whence he was removed, in the fifteenth year of his age, to the Independent academy, then at Mile-end, under the tuition of Drs. Conder, Walker, and Gibbons, where he was admitted as a boarder in 1758, and subsequently, in 1760, as a candidate for the

Christian ministry. After having passed through the usual course of preparatory studies, he preached, for a short time, to a small but intelligent congregation at Tooting, and in 1765, became pastor of the Independent Church at Southampton. Here he continued to labour with increasing usefulness during nearly forty-five years. In 1802, bodily infirmities rendered it necessary to devolve a part of his official duties on an assistant; and in 1809, he resigned his pastoral charge, under circumstances alike honourable to himself and to the society among whom he had so long laboured. After nine years spent in domestic retirement, he was summoned on the 18th of Feb. 1818, to receive his final reward.

It is not, however, the *general* history of this truly good man, that rendered the publication of his *Memoirs* desirable. It is the history of his mind, the development of the mental process through which he advanced towards Christian perfection, that gives a peculiar value to the present publication. Of the earliest commencement of that process, the following interesting detail is given, relating to the time at which he first entered the seminary at Mile-end, not as a student, but as a boarder.

‘Surrounded by the apparatus of theological pursuits, in constant intercourse with many who were engaged from the heart in the cultivation of deep and habitual piety, he was sometimes strongly impressed with the necessity of his being “truly converted and religious,” as he expressed himself, in order to his being either useful as a minister, or acceptable to any congregation to which he might, in course of time, be recommended. This he justly thought to be as necessary in the profession to which it was the desire of his mother that he should devote himself, as the acquisition of legal, medical, or commercial knowledge, to the lawyer, the physician, or the merchant. He began therefore, in a languid way, to prepare himself on this principle. He read such books as tended to alarm the conscience, he kept a diary, he drew up resolutions, and determined to subject himself to certain private fines and mortifications, in case he should fail to keep them. But he was insincere. Often the voice of devotion was raised, merely to impress those who were within hearing, with a favourable opinion of his piety; and he was afterwards accustomed, in the review of this period of his life, to pronounce, with deep self-abasement and generous indignation, his conduct to have been no better than a solemn farce. Sometimes, however, he considered himself as “waiting passively for the communication of the grace of God:” a common error, which he afterwards denounced as pregnant with danger. “I speak not this,” says he, “to undervalue the grace of God; being assured by Scripture, and my own experience, that it is almighty; but to guard against discouraging a rational creature from the use of rational means: for, as we are not machines, but reflecting and conscious beings, God has promised that he will encourage and bless those who seek that which he has engaged to bestow. Sometimes I thought *means* to be necessary, but I thought they must be violent ones. Hearing, therefore, of a remarkably penitent malefactor,

lately executed for robbing his master, who had been brought to a sense of his spiritual condition, while under sentence of death ; whose funeral sermon I had heard the Rev. George Whitfield preach ; I imagined for a time, that the perpetration of some crime, which might bring me under the stroke of the law, might become, in the issue, the means of my conversion. This I afterwards reflected on with great horror, as one of those numerous devices of the evil spirit, by which the human soul is deluded." pp. 3, 4.

On the incident relative to Mr. Whitfield's ministry thus casually introduced, the following judicious remarks occur, which may be considered as a fair specimen of the numerous discursive paragraphs, with which these *Memoirs* are enlivened.

' It may well be doubted, whether, on this occasion, the fervent and devoted clergyman to whom Mr. Kingsbury alludes, had sufficiently qualified his animated declamation on the apparently favourable issue of this malefactor's case. Deeply impressed himself with the value of the human soul, sincere to the very heart in his unwearied labours to awaken the torpid consciences of mankind, eager to seize the first appearances of spiritual improvement, he might yet sometimes err in his estimate of the sincerity of apparent converts, and might represent imprudently the means of their supposed conversion. Conscious, indeed, of his own imperfections, it is well known that he had too much humility to lay claim to the spear of Ithuriel, or to the infallibility of the Roman pontiff. But the warmth of his heart led him to judge perhaps too hastily, that those sacred truths which produced in himself both purity and consolation, would at once operate in the same degree on all to whom they were applied. In forming such a notion, he would have forgotten the slow degrees by which he had himself received them ; as well as that long course of self-denial, austerity, and scriptural inquiry, which, in his own case, had preceded the doctrinal views and confirmed experience of his maturity. The temporary pangs of alarm, the profession and promise of reformation extorted by the immediate prospect of a disgraceful and violent death, and even the sudden semblance of faith and repentance, produced, it may be, by the pressing representations of well-meant zeal, are far from being satisfactory evidences of acceptance with God, at the close of a life that has been spent in rebellion against his authority. That high strain of confidence which some have suddenly adopted, would seem to require check rather than encouragement ; while it is a well attested fact, that, out of a multitude of instances of persons evidencing symptoms of penitence, under confinement and sentence of death, the examples have been lamentably few, in which the lengthened lives of individuals that have afterwards received a pardon, have manifested the abiding reality of reformation. It is, at the best, with " trembling hope " that such cases are to be contemplated. The present instance shows that they may be so rashly stated as to produce positive mischief. Let it not be imagined that any limitation is here intended of that power which is altogether sovereign and almighty ; of that prerogative of mercy, in which alone the most

exemplary of mankind must repose every final hope; or of that charity, which follows with its favourable regards, the departure of all who appear to cast themselves fully on the merits of the Redeemer. But, from what has here been stated with regard to the subject of the present narrative, let zeal take a lesson of caution and discrimination: anxious, while she intends to afford encouragement to the first movements of penitence, that she may not minister a dangerous opiate to the unholy lips of presumption.' pp. 5—7.

When the moment at length arrived, in which it became necessary that Mr. K. should decide whether he would devote himself to the Christian ministry, and when, as a preparatory step, he was required to give a 'reason of the hope which was in him,' another still more arduous mental conflict was sustained, which overwhelmed him for a time with deep sorrow, but which was followed by a more than ordinary degree of religious consolation. The detail of these youthful impressions would probably be ridiculed by men of infidel principles, or of worldly habits, as the effects of enthusiasm or of religious insanity; but their reality and efficacy were abundantly demonstrated in his future life, and the period in which they took place, is frequently referred to by Mr. K. in his private papers, as the most memorable era of his existence. It is well when the religious convictions experienced in youth, will bear to be submitted to as a severe ordeal of self-inquiry in more advanced life. On the whole of this interesting case, for such it must be acknowledged to be by all who would trace the commencement and progress of Divine agency on the human mind, Mr. Bullar remarks,

'Here was a case in which the necessity of *conversion* would by many have been denied altogether. Here was correct and even exemplary general conduct. The external decencies of life, and the periodical observances of religion, had never been neglected. But there is a sort of ritual pharisaism, which depends on these as the means of acceptance with God; and thus opposes itself to the scriptural idea of the justice of the Deity, and of that satisfaction for sin, which has been accomplished by "the one oblation on the cross once offered." This is "a high imagination," a spiritual sin; which, no less than the grossness of actual guilt, stands between man and the favour of his Maker; and stamps him as unconverted, alienated from God, and under the influence of the "evil heart of unbelief." To an enumeration of the greater part of the duties which the usages of society and secular morality demand, this young man might have fearlessly answered, "All these have I kept from my youth up." But a light had now reached his inmost soul; convincing him that the state of the heart towards God is that which is above all other things important, as the first spring of all acceptable duty. He had become thoroughly sensible of the importance of our Lord's great doctrine,—*"Make the tree good, that the fruit may be good also."*

'Let it not be imagined, however, that William Kingsbury would have proposed his private experience as a model for that of other men; or that he would have doubted of the piety of men of sterling Christian attainments, because they had been led to the attainments in a different manner. He seldom mentioned the peculiarities of his own religious experience; he never discouraged others by insisting on any similar mental process: thus manifesting an exemplary sobriety of judgment, and an amiable candour: and when, for the satisfaction of his own mind, he recurred to the subject in private, it was always with that serious self-examination, which clearly showed how much he deprecated being the victim of a deluded imagination.' pp. 12—14.

Scarcely is there a branch of official duty, relative to which the Christian minister may not meet with much valuable instruction in the course of these *Memoirs*, particularly with reference to the study, composition, and delivery of sermons, the conduct of social religious meetings, the exercise of church discipline, the importance of pastoral visits, and the best means of conducting them, the spirit with which religious controversies should be maintained, the line of conduct to be pursued by the pastor in times of political agitation, the beneficial effects resulting both to himself and his flock from the vigorous support of religious institutions, and (which is by no means the easiest of the practical lessons inculcated) the manner in which, when his public labours are ended, he may retire with Christian dignity from public life and his official engagements. We might enrich our pages with extracts relative to each of these interesting topics. The portrait of the retiring pastor, is too attractive to be omitted.

'The following memorandum relates to his last services at Southampton:

"December 17, 1809. This evening, from 2 Cor. v. 5, 10, 11, I concluded my ministry at Southampton, with only a few days difference from the date at which I preached my first sermon in 1764, forty-five years ago. Thus I took my leave of a people whom I have long served for their souls' sake. I have to appeal to God and to them, that I have not sought theirs but them; that I have laboured for them in the study and in the pulpit; that I have exhausted for them my strength of body and of mind, and have laid myself out to do them good. How much I loved them, will never be known by many of them in the present state. In leaving them, I believe, after the maturest examination that I have been able to give the subject, I have determined according to the will of God; whose wisdom to influence, and whose providence to guide, I have most earnestly implored, fearing to be biassed in any way by any improper motives.

"I am leaving a desolated habitation, stripped of every thing that has been familiar to me for nearly half a century, but I do not leave a deserted sanctuary. I go, my friends! my children! but God will be with you. I am going from one earthly house to another. I am less

moved than I had expected: for which I praise my God. I had realized the thing, and I am weaned from appearances. I am blessed with the delightful hope of 'a house not made with hands.' I expect to spend the remainder of my days in a little cottage. I expect, by faith, a spacious, a glorious habitation, 'eternal in the heavens.' The retrospect of past years, and especially in the present month, is full of interesting recollections associated with this place which has so long been my abode. But I am calm and composed. The divine master supports me. No circumstances can obstruct his mighty aid. His presence is all in all. I bless him that he grants *that* to me, and a delightful enjoyment of this great truth, that he is never afar off."

'Thus closed a series of pastoral labours which had occupied all the best years of a long life of usefulness. In reviewing the scene, he who had travelled all its toilsome length, felt, as one who had ever measured himself by a high standard of excellence, contrition rather than self-gratulation. The Christian spectator, however, who duly considers the frailty of our imperfect nature, the rare occurrence of steadfast and persevering virtue, the numberless and nameless inconsistencies that blot and mar the tenor of many a life whose commencement promised most favourably, will not refuse the retiring pastor his approving plaudit. He had found a scanty congregation; he left a large and increasing one. He had found a tendency among them to sentiments of dangerous error; he left them united in doctrinal views, which he believed to have a tendency to advance the honour of God, and the happiness of man. He had found among them a penurious temper as to the calls of religion; he left, though he had never availed himself of the change, a liberal and expanded benevolence. He had sacrificed, in their service, the fruit of his industry as a tutor, and his private property derived from his first marriage. Without regard to his own ease, he had multiplied his ministerial services; and had seen, with pleasure, that, in this respect, he had been imitated in the churches of the establishment. *Thousands* of manuscript sermons attest the diligence with which he had ever prepared for the pulpit, while the private records of his heart demonstrate how he had prayed and how he had felt for those to whom they had been addressed. He was justified, therefore, in saying to his congregation, in his farewell letter: "I have spent the vigour and strength of my youth and manhood in your service, and in that of your predecessors. I have been honoured, by my great Master, with undoubted tokens of his blessing, manifested in the sound conversion, the tried character, the holy and useful lives, and the happy deaths, of many. I have been favoured with kind and continued acknowledgments of the acceptableness and usefulness of my later, yea, my latest efforts among you." ' pp. 177—180.

Though firmly attached to his avowed principles as a Protestant Dissenter, of which sufficient proofs remain in the pamphlets written by him in defence of extemporaneous prayer, and of village preaching, Mr. Kingsbury cherished through life a cordial and intimate friendship with several distinguished ministers and members of the Church of England. Among

the former were the late Mr. Romaine, of whom several characteristic anecdotes are introduced; and the pious rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, whose character is thus sketched by the writer of these Memoirs.

‘About the close of the present year, death removed one whom Mr. Kingsbury had long known and valued; with whom he had often “taken sweet counsel,” in his autumnal visits to their mutual friend, Mr. Taylor. This was the Rev. John Newton, a clergyman of an eminently catholic spirit, the cherished friend, during the brightest period of his life, of the poet Cowper: a man, whom to know, was to love. Rescued from an early state of awful alienation from God, the principles of Christianity in their genuine completeness, and the obligations of redemption in its largest extent, had so rooted and entwined themselves into every feeling of his heart, that they had become part of his very nature. An ever present consciousness of the lamentable past pervaded his whole soul, and tinged every word and action with a tenderness of compassion towards the sinful and the miserable, and with a benignity of candour towards the inexperienced who appeared to be seeking for “the truth as it is in Jesus,” seldom equalled. His talents, naturally of a high order, subdued to one sole and undeviating purpose, shone only in the meekness of his humility, and in the unassuming sagacity with which he sought to do good. Few men have maintained a larger intercourse with the sincerely pious of various denominations: few have studied more successfully, without the compromise of principle, to discover the grounds on which good men may agree, rather than those on which they are likely to differ. From all that was speculative, from all that was unprofitable, he averted his thoughts with trembling anxiety: while he diligently sought and affectionately recommended a “divine philosophy,” whose pervading energies might create the soul anew, and thus effectually ensure the regulation of the conduct. His talent of useful conversation can seldom have been rivalled. Ruling, with what may well deserve the name of an easy, playful elegance, the mazy current, he kept it ever within its proper limits: “Neither the pleasantness excluded gravity, nor was the sobriety of it inconsistent with delight.” The hidden life of the Christian, in its joys and its sorrows, its abatements and its progression, its hinderances and its supports, was his perpetual and yet his various theme. Deeply read in the human heart, he anatomized that of his auditory: not indeed with the callous severity which forgets its own aberrations; but with a sacred pity that wept over its painful task, and probed only to heal. Flattery could not reach him: while others admired his virtues, his own keen eye dwelt sternly on their imperfections, and looked with imploring earnestness, for heavenly aid, as the source of human stability. Deriving his consolation from reliance on the Redeemer alone, he recommended his entire salvation, with a fervour that the frost of age was unable to abate; and with a clearness of discrimination that at once awed the hypocrite and cheered the sincere. A steady course of secret devotion, the habitual study of the Holy Scriptures as addressed to the heart more than to the head, intense meditation on all that passed within and

around him, supported the vitality of his piety. The neighbouring groves of South Stoneham, over which, as over the favourite poplars of his poetic friend, the axe has since triumphed, have often sheltered the early walk, in which at once he breathed out his desires, and found them answered. To excellence so rare and so touching, this brief tribute, from one, who, in youth, hung upon his venerable lips, with delight never to be forgotten, while he taught with paternal earnestness in the pious mansion of his hospitable friend, may be excused: since it seeks not to elevate the merit of the man, but to commemorate in him an illustrious example of the triumph of vital godliness.' pp. 152—154.

Upon the whole, it is scarcely possible to rise from the most cursory review of a life and character like those of the late Mr. Kingsbury, without a vivid impression of the dignity which genuine piety confers on them (whatever their condition in life may be) who live under its hallowed influence; the disposition and capacity for usefulness it imparts even to minds of an ordinary standard, the stimulus it gives to the most disinterested labours of Christian benevolence, and the chastened submission, the unyielding fortitude, and even the triumphal confidence with which it inspires and sustains the mind amid the numerous ills of life. If the subject of these *Memoirs* maintained through life a high degree of respectability, and if, at his death, his name and memory were embalmed by the affectionate remembrance of many who had derived valuable benefits from his public instructions and private friendships; these results are not to be attributed to the splendour of his natural endowments, the stores of his erudition, the popularity of his address, the amplitude of his wealth, or any other of those adventitious circumstances, which confer a transient distinction on their possessors. They were produced by the more sterling qualities of fervent piety, Christian humility, and enlightened zeal, which he possessed in no ordinary degree, and which constitute the brightest ornaments of his character. Little is that man to be envied, who would prefer to these unfading excellencies, the withering laurels of a conqueror, or the precarious pomp of royalty; and still more wretched would be the choice of those who should be content to abandon honours and distinctions like these, for the inebriating pleasures of the libertine, or the cheerless gloom of scepticism and infidelity.

Art. IV. *Karamania, or a brief Description of the South Coast of Asia Minor, and of the Remains of Antiquity.* With Plans, Views, &c. Collected during a Survey of that Coast, under the Orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Years 1811 and 1812. By Francis Beaufort, F.R.S. Captain of His Majesty's Ship *Frederiksteen*. Second Edition, 8vo. London, 1818.

WE have recently had occasion to communicate to our readers, a considerable mass of important information, respecting the interior regions, and the northern coasts of Asia Minor; and we then anticipated the greater part of what we might else have thought it expedient to prefix, by way of introduction to our present remarks. The journey of Mr. Kinneir, though full of valuable details relating to the central and upper portions of that fine country, furnished but little addition to our knowledge of the extensive and imperfectly known maritime tract which forms its southern frontier. The present article, then, will be supplementary to the former; and with this preliminary reference we shall proceed at once to a general notice of Captain Beaufort's unpretending, but interesting and instructive volume.

The name by which the southern shores of Asia Minor are known to Europeans, is not now authorised by local or native sanction. They were, indeed, some centuries back, under the dominion of a chief named Karaman, and at that period were distinguished by his name; but since their absorption into the Turkish empire, it has disappeared. For the comparative neglect with which these regions have been hitherto regarded, it is not easy to account. The inhabitants, it is true, are in many instances intolerant and ferocious, but the attractions are such as to overbalance this obstacle; the remains of antiquity are numerous, and the historical recollections with which some of the stations on this coast are connected, are neither uninteresting nor unimportant. The hydrography of these regions was of course nearly unknown, and with a view to supply this defect, the Admiralty, under the presidency of Mr. Yorke, employed the Author of this work to survey the southern shores and harbours of Asia Minor, with a view to determine their position, and to ascertain their naval resources. Captain Beaufort's main intention was of course directed to the fulfilment of his instructions, but he seems to have neglected no fair opportunity of attending to more general investigations, and he has given additional value to his observations, by a ready and frequent reference to such authorities, both ancient and modern, as tended to the elucidation of his inquiries. His operations began at Yedy Booroon, or the Seven Capes, a 'knot of high and rugged mountains,' a little to the eastward

of which he examined the ruins of Patara, which have since been more completely explored by a scientific mission from the Dilettanti Society. Further still to the eastward he entered the commodious haven of Kakava, beyond which, as far as Syria, there is but a single land-locked harbour on this line of coast. In the neighbourhood of this place were many vestiges of former prosperity, in the numerous buildings and stone landing places, while its present poverty was as expressly marked by the dilapidated castle, and the wretched hovels, whose tenants had deserted them during the heats of summer.

'This we learned is a common custom on these coasts, in order to avoid the intense heat, and the myriads of moschettos that infest the rocks about the shore. They select a spot where the thick foliage of the trees affords them shelter; a neighbouring valley readily yields a little tobacco and corn; and they enjoy that greatest of all luxuries to a Turk, repose; till the approach of winter again summons them to their huts on the sea-side.'

At Myra, according to Meletius, originally a Rhodian colony, and once the residence of a Christian bishop, who held spiritual sway over 'thirty-six suffragan sees,' are to be found extensive ruins, which Mr. Cockerell has since explored. The remains of a theatre which has suffered but little from the injuries of time, and many fragments of sculpture, said to be 'executed in a masterly style,' excited his admiration; but the inhabitants were fierce and suspicious, and while he was engaged in examining and sketching some of the statues which he had discovered, one of the mob by which he was surrounded, exclaimed, 'If the infidels are attracted here by these blasphemous figures, the temptation shall soon cease, for when that dog is gone, I will destroy them.' Trusting to the assurance of a published chart of the Archipelago, that there were 'large ruins' to be found on the eastern shore of Phineka Bay, and finding this intimation confirmed by their telescopes, Capt. B. and his companions 'were not a little amused' to find that the 'castles, turrets, and embattled walls,' which they had so distinctly traced, were nothing more than the 'dark shadows of deeply indented cliffs, without any vestige of buildings.'

After noticing the currents which appear to prevail in this direction, Capt. Beaufort mentions the following singular facts:

'The counter currents, or those which return beneath the surface of the water, are also very remarkable, in some parts of the Archipelago, they are at times so strong as to prevent the steering of the ship; and, in one instance, on sinking the lead, when the sea was calm and clear, with shreds of buntin of various colours, attached at every yard to the line, they pointed in different directions all round the compass.'

While lying off Deliktash, a small but steady light among the hills had attracted notice, and on making inquiry it was ascertained to be a Yanar or volcanic flame, which is thus described.

‘ We rode about two miles, through a fertile plain, partly cultivated; and then winding up a rocky and thickly wooded glen, we arrived at the place. In the inner corner of a ruined building the wall is undermined, so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven:—from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall; and though from the neck of the opening we detached some small lumps of caked soot, the walls were hardly discoloured. Trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close round this little crater; a small stream trickles down the hill hard by, and the ground does not appear to feel the effect of its heat beyond the distance of a few yards.’

No volcanic productions were perceived in the neighbourhood, and though another orifice, which had the appearance of having formerly given vent to a similar flame, was found at some distance, the guide affirmed that there had been no alteration within the range of memory or of tradition. No earthquakes nor any detonations had, he said, ever been remarked, neither had it ever thrown out stones; no smoke nor vapour was emitted at any time, but it invariably poured forth the same pure, brilliant, unquenchable flame. It is common for the shepherds to apply it to culinary purposes, and it is implicitly believed that it will not roast stolen meat.

A very rich description of a Turkish residence, *al fresco*, follows the account of the Yanar, finished by an animated eulogy on Mussulman hospitality.

‘ We found the Agha of the district on the beach, waiting my return to Deliktash, and in rather a discontented mood. During our excursion he had been on board. For various reasons, I commonly went on shore as one of the lieutenants; and the officer on whom the command devolved, had general directions to receive in my apartments any respectable visitors, and, personating the captain, to give them pipes and coffee. In this instance he inadvertently betrayed my absence. The Agha, starting from his seat, demanded to be put on shore. He was invited to see the rest of the frigate.—“No,” he replied, “he came to visit the captain, out of respect to the English nation, and not to see a house of boards; and were he to look at any thing, it might be suspected that curiosity had prompted his visit.” A salute, however, of a few guns on his departure, had partly pacified him; and my pouch full of gunpowder completed our reconciliation.’

Further on in the track of investigation, the mountain Takhtalu, 7800 feet above the sea, presented itself about five miles inland, and the ranges of Mount Taurus, which rose behind it, were supposed to be nearly 10,000 feet in elevation.

Tradition and superstition have invested this lofty mountain with many mysterious attributes. On the summit roses blow throughout the year, and from the 'very apex' springs a stream of the purest water; but a legend of loftier invention than this was communicated by the Agha, who assured his visitors that every autumn a 'mighty groan' issued from the mountain, by way of 'an annual summons to the elect to 'make the best of their way to Paradise.' At the foot of Takhtalu lie the ruins of the ancient Phaselis, where the landing party found many interesting remains, and a number of inscriptions, some of which were copied. Several sarcophagi were discovered, and of these two were of the 'whitest marble,' and of careful workmanship. One only had not been opened, and when this was uncovered, it contained nothing more than the bones of a single skeleton. While the frigate lay off this place, and the officers and crew were 'tranquilly employed in surveying, wooding, and watering,' they were suddenly surprised by the report of heavy guns. No ships were in sight; there were neither forts nor batteries within range of the eye or the telescope, and they began 'to think that the 'angel of Takhtalu was sounding his autumnal summons.' But it soon appeared that neither the angel nor the mountain was concerned in the affair, for they were informed by the crew of a small vessel which passed, that the city of Adalia, at the distance of eighteen miles, was the scene of hostilities between two rival Beys. As this event furnishes the most interesting detail in the whole volume, and as it is uncommonly well described by Capt. B. we shall give as large space to it as we can afford, and as much as possible in the writer's own language.

It is stated that Mehemmet, the Pasha of Adalia, had refused to send his regular contingent of troops, when summoned by the Porte. His brother Ahmed, taking advantage of this circumstance, had procured from Constantinople an appointment to the Pashalik, and availing himself of Mehemmet's temporary absence, seized Adalia by stratagem. The latter exerted himself with promptitude and energy, levied a considerable force, and recovered his capital, after a severe conflict, compelling Ahmed, and his second in command, with about a hundred of their followers, to flee in different directions. Capt. Beaufort hoped, by remaining quietly at his anchorage, to escape the risk of being compelled to interfere in these transactions; but he was disappointed, for on the recapture of the city, the larger number of those who escaped, with a Bin Bashy or colonel at their head, fled in a direction which brought them in sight of the Frederiksteen, and they came down to the beach entreating the watering party to protect them from their pursuers. This

of course was declined, but food and surgical assistance were promptly and liberally afforded. They were advised to escape immediately by the woods, which were impervious to cavalry, and provisions were offered them for that purpose. They replied that escape in that way was impracticable; the roads were watched, the surrounding Aghas hostile, and a price was put upon their heads: 'their religion taught them to rely upon God for their deliverance, or to submit without repining to their fate.' Some hours after, a large sailing launch was picked up by our seamen, drifting out to sea, and was immediately offered to these poor wretches, with every accommodation that could be spared from the frigate, for their comfort and security. But though the horse patrols of the victorious party were seen descending into the plain, and this seemed the only opening for flight from inevitable destruction, the fugitives declined the offer.

'None of them were seamen—they knew not how or where to steer—and if their hour was come, they preferred dying like men, with arms in their hands on shore, to being murdered by the cannon of the Pasha's cruizers, by whom they must ultimately be overtaken. Things remained in this state till the next morning, when one of the Pasha's armed ships was seen rounding the cape, and the party of cavalry which had, till then, been checked by the appearance of our frigate, now crossed the river, and surrounding at some distance that part of the beach which was occupied by the fugitives, seemed only to wait the approach of the above vessel to close upon their victims. This was the crisis of their fate. That fate depended upon me. Cold and calculating prudence forbade me to interfere: but—I could not stand by, and see them butchered in cold blood! My decision once made, there was not a moment to be lost. Our boats were dispatched, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of rescuing sixty fellow-creatures from immediate slaughter. Since the rejection of their entreaties on the preceding day, they had betrayed no signs of despair or impatience; they had neither reproached our obduracy, nor murmured at their fate; and when our boats landed, they were found sitting under the shade of the neighbouring trees, with an air of resignation that bordered on indifference. They now displayed neither exultation nor joy; they came on the quarter-deck with manly composure; they were perhaps grateful, but their gratitude did not seem to be addressed to us; in their eyes, we were still infidels; and though the immediate preservers of their lives, we were but tools in the hands of their protecting prophet.'

The Turkish armed vessel, in the mean time, communicated with the shore, and at length two Turks of superior rank came off to the frigate. Perfectly aware that menaces would only serve to defeat their object, they conducted themselves with the utmost courtesy and respect, concealing their dissatisfaction under the mask of more than diplomatic placidity. They began by regretting that their master had not yet had the opportunity

of interchanging civilities with Capt. B. They then insinuated their more immediate business, by rejecting the idea that the Captain would condescend to take any part in their local quarrels; and affecting not to be aware that the fugitives were actually on board, they expressed their entire conviction that he knew nothing 'of the remnant of the band of robbers of whom they were in pursuit.' The displeasure of the Porte, and the munificence of the Pasha, were brought artfully forward, and at length a formal demand was made that the persons then on board should be delivered up. Capt. Beaufort who had listened to all this, in the hope that some satisfactory terms might be made for the safety of his *protégés*, finding that the object was nothing less than to procure their unconditional surrender, broke up the conference, and civilly dismissed the embassy from his ship. Before they departed, they attempted to bribe the interpreter, to procure the abandonment at least of the Bin Bashy; and failing in this, they 'at last begged for a small stock of coffee and rum,' and in this they, of course, succeeded. The fugitive guests occasioned some embarrassment to their preserver. Before he could place them in safety, he was obliged to return as far as the island of Kos, where he landed the Bin Bashy and his companions, who parted from their friends 'with general demonstrations of gratitude, and I believe,' says Capt. B., 'they felt as much as Mahommedans could feel towards Ghiaours.' A visit to Halicarnassus, the modern Boodroom, introduced the Captain to the governor Halil Bey, a 'keen, active, well-informed man,' even possessing 'some knowledge of geography,' a subject of which the Turkish officers in general are so ignorant, that a Pasha of high rank once maintained to Capt. Beaufort, that England was 'an island in the Black Sea.' Halil Bey visited the ship, and seemed much 'struck with the look of health, of comfort, and of manly independence of British seamen.' Halil was a man of humour, and when urged for permission to visit the citadel, told the following anecdote.

'Some years ago, a French frigate being at Boodroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles in the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary ferman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgment of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, "Effendy," said the governor, "the orders of my imperial master must be implicitly obeyed." "Let me in, then," exclaimed the impatient captain. "Undoubtedly," replied the Turk, "for so I am enjoined to do by the ferman; but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this

momentary pause, before we pass the drawbridge." The French commandant, not chusing to put such hazardous irony to the test, departed.

After refitting at Malta, Capt. Beaufort resumed his survey, in the spring of 1812, at the same point where circumstances had previously caused him to desist. Here he found Mr. Cockerell, who was easily induced to exchange the dirt and inconvenience of a small Greek vessel, for the comforts and companionship of an English frigate. When the ship reached Adalia, they found the old Pasha, whose enemies they had rescued the year before, dead, and his eldest son in possession of the government. He had not, however, yet obtained the confirmation of his title, and was waiting in anxious expectation for the answer to his application, when the frigate anchored in his port. The visit was so critically timed, as to awaken a suspicion that the messenger of government might be on board; and this apprehension, in his utter uncertainty whether the bowstring, or a governor's commission, awaited him, gave to the behaviour of the young bey, a singular mixture of jealousy, fear, and courtesy.

At Esky Adalia, the ancient Sidé, the navigators found an extensive and interesting collection of ruins, and among them the 'largest and best preserved' theatre of any that they had inspected in Asia Minor. At Alaya, in former times a fortress of great strength, a party of officers who had landed, were grossly insulted, and pursued with stones; but on the stern remonstrance of Captain Beaufort, an apology was made, and the discipline of the bastinado awarded to the delinquents. This fortress is, in Captain B.'s opinion, the ancient Coracesium, the first town of Cilicia-Aspera, according to Strabo; and the barren ridges of Mount Taurus, which line this rugged coast, seem to sanction the identity of the places. A dry catalogue of the various places visited by the Frederiksteen, would little gratify the curiosity of our readers, and a distinct detail of their various peculiarities must be sought in the volume itself. In one place, on hastening to examine a mass of ruins bearing the resemblance of the remains of a large city, they found it 'indeed a city—a city of tombs—a true Necropolis.' While lying in Aghaliman, the port of Selefkeh, a small armed vessel appearing in the distance, which was supposed to be a pirate, the frigate weighed and gave chase, but in consequence of hazy weather, unsuccessfully.

'By the term pirate is not here meant a Barbary corsair; the predatory states of that coast, however rapacious, confine their hostilities to distinct nations; and however inhuman their treatment, the value of the slave is a guarantee for the life of the captive: but in the district of Maina, the southern province of the Morea, there is a regularly organized system of absolute and general piracy. The number of their vessels, or

armed row boats, fluctuates between twenty and thirty; they lurk behind the headlands and innumerable rocks of the Archipelago; all flags are equally their prey, and the life or death of the captured crew is merely a question of convenience. A Turkish prize is the only exception to this rule; for, as they expect no mercy if taken by Turks, to them they rarely give quarter. The preceding year we had found one of these pirates concealed in a small creek of Hermonissi, a barren island to the westward of Stampalia: as our boats approached, they fired into them from the cliffs, and rolled down large stones which wounded two of our men. We destroyed the vessel and compelled most of the crew to submit: the rest retreated to the craggy heights, and we made sail in quest of their comrade, who we learned was skulking among the neighbouring islands; but the darkness of the night, and the warning fires from the top of the island, enabled him to escape. On returning to Hermonissi, we found that a couple of nights' starvation had rendered the remaining rogues more tractable, for they eagerly came down to the boat and surrendered themselves. Nothing could be more contemptible than the appearance of this vessel; yet she rowed fast, possessed a swivel, and twenty muskets, and with the forty ferocious looking villains who manned her, might have carried the largest merchant-ship in the Mediterranean.'

In an instance then recent, two of these marauding galleys, availing themselves of the shelter of some rocks, had bid defiance to the repeated attacks of a Turkish frigate. When Capt. Beaufort, after having succeeded in destroying the pirate, anchored the next morning at Stampalia, the primati or magistrates waited on him to express their gratitude for deliverance from one, at least, of the band which had so often levied contributions on that island. They pointed to a rock at no great distance, on which, three days before, the crews of two Mainot corsairs had landed, to share the plunder of a Turkish boat. Her crew, consisting of five men, was mercilessly butchered; but a Jew, who was a passenger, they spared, after depriving him of an ear. This man, who applied for surgical aid, attested these facts, and they were further confirmed by the report of one of our officers, who, on visiting the rock, found the five bodies lying unburied, and 'a prey to innumerable birds.' When the prisoners were afterwards examined in the court at Malta, 'these legitimate, but profligate descendants of the Spartans, boldly avowed themselves to be pirates.'

In the vicinity of Korghos, the ancient Corycus, Captain B. expected to find the saffron cave and the subterranean river mentioned by Strabo; but he could not learn from the few natives who presented themselves, that these striking features of nature were now known to exist. He expresses strong regret at his disappointment. 'My readers, indeed,' he good-humouredly remarks, 'may have greater reason to regret my not having discovered, while in this province, the fountain of *Nus*, which,

‘ according to Pliny, has the happy property of sharpening the wit of those who drink it.’

The ruins of Pompeiopolis, though in a very shattered state, were so striking in their general effect, ‘ that the most illiterate seaman in the ship could not behold’ them ‘ without emotion.’ At Tersoos (Tarsus) the officers sent did not experience a favourable reception either from the governor or the inhabitants. From this part of the coast to Cape Karadash, nothing occurred but a straight sandy beach,

‘ on which the surf was so heavy, that the boats were seldom able to land without being half swamped in re-launching : this is one of the pleasures of marine surveying ; but though wet clothes were only a slight disaster in the scorching summers of Karamania, wet instruments frequently occasioned us serious inconvenience.’

Passing Cape Karadash, the frigate turned into the gulf of Iskenderoon, and shortly reached Ayas bay.

‘ This long estuary,’ writes Capt. B. ‘ contained the greatest number of fish and fowl that I ever saw collected together ; every part of its unfrequented beach was occupied by companies of pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, and gulls ; and myriads of fish leaped out of the water, when roused from their muddy bed by the boat’s keel, as it dragged along the bottom. There was also an abundance of very fine turtles, the chase of which afforded much amusement ; when alarmed by the approach of the boat, the direction of their flight was marked by a ripple on the surface, and the water was shallow enough to admit of the men pursuing them on foot. Some of the large turtles were so powerful as to escape with two heavy fellows lying on their backs, who, in vain, strove to turn them before they got into deep water ; in less than an hour, however, sufficient were caught to load the boat ; and many weighed upwards of two hundred pound.’

They were now near the limit dividing the tract along whose shore they had past, from the more interesting coasts of Syria ; but while they were anticipating this part of their survey with the utmost pleasure, the following disaster terminated their prospect.

‘ On the 20th of June, while embarking the instruments from a little cove to the westward of Ayas, we perceived a number of armed Turks advancing towards the boat . . . An old dervish was observed haranguing them ; and his frantic gestures, with the reiterated shouts of “ Begone,” “ Infidel,” and other offensive expressions, left the hostility of their intentions no longer doubtful. The interpreter was absent with the officers, and all my little store of friendly words and signs seemed to irritate rather than to appease them. To quit the place, therefore, seemed the most probable means of preventing a fray ; and as the boat was ready, we quietly shoved off. The mob now began to level their muskets ; their voices assumed a shriller tone ; and spurred on by the old fanatic,

they rushed forward. The boat was not yet clear of the cove, and if they had succeeded in reaching the outer points, our retreat would have been cut off; it was, therefore, full time to check their progress—the unexpected sight of my fowling-piece had, for a moment, that effect; but, as they again endeavoured to close, I fired over their heads. That expedient saved us. They immediately halted—most of them fell on the ground—the dastardly dervish ran away—and we had gained sufficient time to get the boat's head round, and almost disentangled from the rocks,—when one ruffian, more resolute than the rest, sprang forward to a rock, which, covering his person, allowed him to take deliberate aim; his ball entered near my groin, and taking an oblique course, broke the trochanter of the hip joint. Had the others followed his example, all the boat's crew must have been destroyed; but fortunately, they had been so intimidated by my fire, that we were beyond the reach of their's by the time they rose from the ground. The pinnace was within signal distance; she was called down; and before I fainted from the loss of blood, I had the satisfaction of sending her round to rescue the scattered officers, and to protect the small boat, which waited for them to the eastward of the castle: but before the pinnace could reach that place, Mr. Olphert, a remarkably fine young man, who was midshipman of their boat, had fallen a sacrifice to the same party of assassins!

The pinnace, with nineteen men, was fully armed, and succeeded in collecting the rest of the officers and men; but Lieut. E. Lane her commander, had great difficulty in restraining his crew from teaching 'those miscreants a wholesome lesson of retaliation.' Measures were however taken to obtain satisfaction; the agha of Iskenderoon pledged himself to bring the offenders to justice, and Captain Hope afterwards proceeded in a king's ship to that place, for the purpose of enforcing the necessary steps for retribution. Captain Beaufort's wound was dangerous in the extreme, and his constitution had been previously debilitated by severe wounds; but though the event appeared for some time doubtful, after 'many months of tedious confinement and painful exfoliation,' he recovered, and has recorded his grateful acknowledgements of the skill and attention of his surgeon Dr. Hugh Stewart.

The decorations of this interesting volume, are very respectably executed, and so judiciously contrived as to enhance its value and add much to its ornament, without materially increasing the expense. A distinct and well chosen vignette heads each chapter, and there are beside several plates of views, and neatly engraved plans. A chart is prefixed of great value, and respecting which we have only to regret that though of fair dimensions, it is not on a yet larger scale.

Art. V. *The Vision ; or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by the Rev. H. F. Carey, A.M. 3 Vols. 32mo. Price 12s. London.

THIS is not only the best translation of Dante which has appeared in our language, but it may perhaps with justice be pronounced the best translation of any poet in the whole compass of English literature. While with almost unparalleled closeness for a version not boldly literal, it adheres to the sense of the original, it has for the most part faithfully preserved both its strength and its occasional tenderness and pathos. Notwithstanding the wide difference of idiom between the respective languages, the sense of Dante is generally given in the same compass of words : the translation is seldom chargeable either with being more concise or more diffuse than the text. On comparing the present with the version of the *Inferno* published by Mr. Boyd in 1785, the superior value of a close yet not literal translation, over a free version, will be sufficiently evident. Aware of the rock on which Mr. Boyd struck, Mr. Carey has acted wisely in discarding rhyme. A translator has, indeed, no need to add to his trammels ; in adapting his expressions to the metre, he is in continual danger of losing the *nuance* or shadow of thought which so often forms the peculiar beauty of a passage. Besides, to the stern character of Dante's poetry, no measure in our language is so well adapted as that which Mr. Carey has chosen, the lofty blank verse of Milton. Had Dante been our countryman, it is the rhythm which he would doubtless have chosen as alone suited to his theme. One may almost venture to assert, that *Paradise Lost* could not have been written in rhyme : it would not, at least, have been the *Paradise Lost* of Milton.

A good translation of the best poets of the south of Europe was certainly a desideratum in our literature ; which, so far as regards Dante, the father of modern poetry, we are extremely glad to have so competently supplied. Italy was the land to which our early poets, the masters of song, turned for the sources of inspiration. Chaucer's tales are chiefly versifications of Italian *nouvelles* ; Spenser borrowed from the romances of the same country, his giants and his enchantments ; but Milton especially, in all his poems, discovers his familiarity with continental literature. The poem of *Adamo* has been supposed to have furnished materials for the ground-work of *Paradise Lost*. Much of the sublime painting in his great poem, was undoubtedly borrowed from Dante, whom he has also imitated in the scholastic discussions which he puts into the mouths of his infernals. The Italian character of some of his smaller poems is still more obvious ; so much so, that were *Comus*, *Lycidas*, or *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, adequately translated

into that language, they might be taken for the native productions of Italian genius. The reign of the Stuarts is distinguished by writers of a different school, who formed themselves upon far inferior models. The infection of French taste, which, after the Restoration, spread from the court throughout the nation, extended even to our men of letters, and tainted the character of our literature. Since then, Italian literature has sunk almost into neglect, and the names of those great masters to whom our early poets were indebted, are nearly all that even readers of cultivated taste can be said to know of them. With respect to the modern poets which Italy has produced, Mr. Matthias tried to excite attention to some of the best lyrical writers, but he has utterly failed. With the exception of Hoole's translations of Tasso and Ariosto, which present a miserably inadequate representation of the originals, scarcely any other recent attempt has been made to naturalize in our literature the works of Italian poets, unless we admit as a further exception, Mr. Merivale's elegant paraphrase of parts of the *Morgante Maggiore*. Some of Petrarch's sonnets have indeed exercised the ingenuity of different hands, to use an old phrase, but they have only succeeded in shewing the almost insuperable difficulty of rendering a writer like Petrarch, whose chief merit consists in the exquisite niceties of expression, into any foreign language. A translation of Guarini, we believe, appeared at Edinburgh some time since, as the production of an anonymous author.

Tasso is, perhaps, with English readers in general, the greatest favourite. Of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, a new translation has been recently announced, which we hope very speedily to notice. No small service also has been rendered by the recent republication of Fairfax's excellent translation of the same poet. Various reasons, however, may be assigned why Dante has hitherto been so much neglected: his translator, in addition to all the technical difficulties of his task, is called to encounter a text which has furnished, by its multifarious learning, and the obscurity of some of its allusions, matter for laborious rival commentaries. The notes which Mr. Carey has introduced at the end of each canto, although not fully satisfactory, are perhaps sufficient for the reader's purpose, as they refer him to sources of further information, if he is disposed to prosecute the inquiry. Several extracts from Dante's prose works, illustrative of his great poem, are judiciously introduced: it is remarkable that these have been made little use of by most of his native commentators.

In order to enter into the spirit, or indeed the meaning of the "Vision," some general acquaintance with the history of the Italian republic is absolutely requisite. When Dante wrote, Florence was agitated by a second division among the powerful

family of the Guelphs, who had long succeeded in keeping undisturbed and peaceful possession of the city. The contest of the Bianchi and the Neri, which began at Pistoia, had extended to the metropolis. Dante, who had himself engaged in the violent contest between the imperial and the pontifical parties, had now an opportunity of witnessing the development of all the evil passions, as well as of all the virtuous energies of our nature, in an intestine warfare still more malignant and unnatural. It was in this school he studied for the canvass, and from such scenes he drew those sometimes tender, sometimes terrific pictures, which he has exhibited in his great poem.

The precise period at which Dante wrote his *Commedia*, has been much disputed. Boccaccio, in one place, supposes that he did not begin it till he had attained his thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth year, which would bring the date to the year 1302 or 1303. This is, however, at variance with the commonly received and more probable statement, (also adverted to by Boccaccio,) that he began it before his exile, which took place in January, 1302. When his house at Florence was burned during his embassy to Rome, seven cantos were saved, it is said, from the flames, and transmitted to the Author, then under the roof of the Marquis Marespina, in Lunigiana, by Dino, a poet, who had discovered their merit. Dante, however, has supplied us with a more precise date at which to fix, with a high degree of probability, the commencement of his great poem. In one of the *Canzones* in the *Vita Nuova*, a sort of biographical commentary on the poems addressed to his beloved Beatrice, which he drew up when far advanced in life, he obviously alludes to the "Inferno" in a way that would lead us to conclude it was then begun.* This Canzone was certainly written before the death of Beatrice, which took place in the year 1281. The proof of this latter fact, furnished by the *Vita Nuova*, has been overlooked by Signor Pelli and later commentators, some of whom have supposed that she died the very year before Dante married. Were this really the case, we should have little reason to admire the poet's constancy, or to give him implicit credit for the strength of his early attachment. In the following passage,

* In the passage referred to, the Deity is represented as thus replying to the solicitations of the angels, to take Beatrice to their company :

‘ Sola pietà nostra parte difende.

* * * *

‘Diletti miei, or soffrite in pace
Che vostra speme sia quanto mî piace :
La ov'è alcun, che perder lei s'attende,
E che dira nell' inferno, a mal nati
I vidi la speranza de beati.’

Dante states, somewhat figuratively, the very year in which the object of his early attachment was snatched from him.

‘Ella si parti in quell’ anno della nostra Indizione cioe degli
‘anni Domini in cui il perfetto numero era compiuto nove volte,
‘in quel centinaio, nel quale, in questo mondo ella fu posta, ed
‘ella fu de, Cristiani del terzodecimo centinaio; di lei questa
‘potrebbe essere una ragione. Concio siacosache, secondo Tolomeo, e secondo la Cristiana verità nove sieno gli Cieli, che
‘si muovino, e secondo comune astrologa, li detti Cieli adoperino quagguin, secondo la loro abitudine insieme, questo numero
‘fu amico di lei, per dare ad intendere, che nella sua generazione, tutti e nove li mobili cieli perfetissimamente s’avevano
‘insieme.’—*Vita Nuova*. p. 326.

From this it would seem that she died in that year of the thirteenth century, in which the perfect number had been nine times completed. The perfect number intended, is unquestionably nine, the number of the nine heavens, which would fix her death, A. D. 1281.

That the first seven cantos of his poem were written before his exile, is further rendered probable, by their containing no allusion to the parties of the Bianchi and the Neri. The prophecies which are put into the mouth of Ciaccio, the glutton, appear to refer to the previous contests between the Aretine Ghibelines and the Florentine Guelphs, in which Dante himself took part at Campaldino, in 1289. In those cantos, his banishment is not hinted at, although in a subsequent canto, he takes an early opportunity of making Farinata foretell that reverse in his fortunes. In the first cantos of his poem, there is also less satire and less bitterness of spirit: he had not yet begun to look round, with the eye of an exile, for hope amid the enemies of his country.

In the work itself, Dante gives as the date of his descent, the year 1300, on the night between the 5th and the 6th of April. This circumstance, together with the supposed allusion in the first canto to Can della Scala as the *gran veltro* who is to drive away avarice, may seem to oppose our representation of the early date of these first seven cantos, Can della Scala being born in 1291. But that the date in the poem is as fictitious as the event, is clear from the circumstances of Dante's history. The time mentioned, was the very year in which he was constituted Prior of the Republic, the era at which, according to a letter of his, of which a fragment is extant, his evil star gained power over him. It is far more probable that he should insert that date on a revision of his poem, than that he should at such a period have found leisure for occupying himself in versification. There remains but one objection to our statement, which requires to be obviated. When Beatrice died Dante was but sixteen. Is it

possible that so young a man should have entered upon so vast an achievement? When the works which he undoubtedly wrote before that age are attentively examined, this will scarcely be considered as a difficulty. Two *Canzones* in particular, contained in the *Vita Nuova*, the one beginning,

‘Donne che avete intelletto d’amore’—

the other,

‘Donna pietosa e di novella etade’—

both of which are equal to the most beautiful compositions of Petrarch, may be adduced as sufficient evidence of Dante’s maturity of genius at this early period.

With regard to the date at which we are to fix the completion of the poem, nothing can with certainty be known. Dante died in 1321. From the circumstance of his appearing, throughout the poem, to hold up Henry of Luxembourg as the last hope of his country, we are inclined to suppose that, although it might subsequently receive some finishing touches, the whole was composed before the year 1313, in which Henry died. The reference to Pope John xxii. who assumed the tiara so late as 1316, as well as the other references of so late a date, might have been introduced as an after-thought, on revising the poem. Such is the opinion of Tiraboschi. The date at which the several parts of the poem were written, might often be with strong probability conjectured by observing at what period the predictions occasionally introduced, are found to terminate. That passage for instance, in which his great grandfather, Cacciaguida, in the planet Mars, gives the Poet an account of his family, and of what was to befall him, was certainly written before the year 1313, as it speaks of Henry of Luxembourg, as still living; and yet, the reference to Pope Clement the Vth’s treacherous conduct to him, would fix the date as late as 1311. These speculations, however, we must leave to Dante’s commentators. The mere circumstance of his styling St. Thomas Aquinas—plain Thomas, when he at the same time bestows on him the epithet *il divino*, and places him in paradise, is surely a very slender ground for supposing the poem to have been completed before the canonization of the beatific doctor.

Among the very great merits of Dante, is that of having improved, we might almost say, created his language. The earliest piece of Italian poetry extant, was written scarcely more than seventy years before his birth, by Ciullo d’Alcamo; and so late as 1313, we find Albertino Mussati the historian, writing in Latin as the vulgar tongue. The Italian of even many of the metrical writers contemporary with Dante, among others Guittone d’Arezzo, is of the most homely and impure

description. It was not till after the appearance of Dante, that the Provençal, which had for two centuries been the only language of poetry, sunk into disuse, and that the Troubadours at length disappeared before the rising glories of the Tuscan school. Dante may be taken even now as a standard of diction; his *Commedia* bears no marks of age upon it, being for the most part intelligible by the lowest of the populace; yet in our own language, *The Faëry Queen*, composed two hundred and thirty years later, requires the aid of a glossary. In his "*Eloquenza volgare*," Dante laughs at the Tuscans for their presumption in thinking their dialect worthy of becoming the language of the educated; but since his time, the numerous early writers which Florence has produced, have succeeded in making their provincialisms a permanent part of the national language. He had conceived the noble design of framing from all the dialects of Italy, one general language: had this been accomplished, it would certainly have added considerably to the richness of Italian prose. In his prose writings, many words are to be found, which are wanting in *La Crusca*, and for which no adequate synonyme can be furnished. The merit of having perfected his native language, must not however be exclusively attributed to Dante; Brunetto Latini, his master, and Petrarch and Boccaccio, must be acknowledged to have had no inferior share in its successful cultivation. But Dante was certainly the father of Italian poetry: he was the first poet of modern Europe who ventured to employ the personification of abstract ideas. In his *Vita Nuova*, he actually apologizes for having personified love in the vulgar tongue, which no Troubadour or Tuscan bard had before ventured to do. The amatory verses of the Provençal school, had little indeed, either in point of fancy or of sentiment, to recommend them. Their authors, unambitious of literary excellence, 'expressed their first ideas 'almost in their first phrases.' Dante found the poetry of his country to consist chiefly of love sonnets. Had he himself written nothing of a higher description, his Canzones might have served to perpetuate his name as one of the early writers of Italy, but this would have been all his fame. He would never have excited that enthusiasm which pervaded Italy, with regard to his *Commedia*, so that his poems were sung by his countrymen instead of their popular songs, as the poems of Homer were recited by the rhapsodists, an enthusiasm which drew the arts into its train. Giotto is said to have painted, under the eye of Dante himself, the horrors of his *Inferno*. There is still to be seen at Pisa, in the Campo Santo, the painting of Orcagna, in which some of the infernal circles are represented, much as described by Dante. Nor was a subject so fertile in horrors neglected by transalpine artists. Among others,

Hubert and John Eyck made it the subject of some pictures, which are preserved in the Church of St. John at Ghent.

A striking proof of the estimation in which Dante was held by his immediate successors, is afforded by the circumstance of there being professors appointed at different universities to lecture upon his poem. Bologna, Pisa, and Florence, set the example, which was followed by other cities. The prelates of the council of Constance employed one of their number to translate his *Commedia* into Latin, and to write a commentary upon it. Giovanni Visconti, Bishop and Prince of Milan, in the year 1350, employed six learned men, (two of whom were theologians, two philosophers, and two Florentines,) to comment on this popular poem. The best commentaries on Dante that we are acquainted with, are those of Velutillo and Landino; they contain much useless disquisition upon the allegory and various theological points, but they are the fullest in illustrating the numberless historical allusions, often of a private biographical nature, which render the meaning of Dante so obscure. Most of the later commentaries are made up of extracts from these writers.

Many dissertations have been written on the subject of Dante's originality, as a poet. Every monkish legend has been ransacked, for the purpose of discovering some conception of infernal torment, or paradisiacal bliss, that might claim to have suggested a similar one in Dante's poem. From what source a superior mind gains the first hint towards the achievement that shall obtain for its author immortality, must often remain hid in obscurity. Many circumstances connected with the period at which Dante wrote, may, upon reflection, be plausibly conjectured to have influenced his choice of a subject, and to have called up the train of ideas which afforded a ground-work upon which to build. In his time, the fearful expectation which in the early ages of Christianity so much possessed the minds of believers, that the day of judgement was on the eve of its approach, was very extensively entertained. A visionary named Joachim announced the reign of the Holy Ghost to be at hand, and his reveries, countenanced by the powerful order to which he belonged, obtained the more attention from the notion having gained ground, that the sixth age of the Church had commenced, in which the judgement was expected to take place. In the succeeding century, this belief obtained at one time such a hold upon the minds of the population in general, that it led to the suspension of animosities; the whole mass of the inhabitants of several cities went in procession, dressed in white, with crosses in their hands, from town to town; and even hostile cities did not scruple to receive their enemies who came in this manner to visit them for a day, and then to depart. Dante could not

fail to perceive the advantage which might be taken of this state of the public mind, and in conformity to the taste of the age, he determined to write his satires in the form of a vision. This was not altogether a new idea. It was very common for the framers of dreams and legends among the monks, whenever they wished to revenge themselves upon an adversary, or to guard a contested privilege, to exhibit in some clumsy vision, their enemy as suffering eternal torments. As the power of the priests chiefly depended upon their supposed influence over the infernal regions, it was the readiest way of defending themselves, to hold out these pictures of the abodes reserved for the authors of what they wished to stamp as crimes; and they were not sparing in the use of this convenient artifice. Whoever should take the trouble of looking over the *Lives of the Saints*, would find visions of this nature in great numbers. Dante must undoubtedly have read many of these, must have had them deeply impressed upon his mind, but it cannot be supposed that he took any single composition of this sort as a model. It suited his purpose as a poet, as it did the purpose of the monks, to take advantage of the popular superstition, and much of the same imagery that they employed, he would naturally have recourse to as the materials of his vision, without deserving the name of a plagiarist; without in many cases being indebted to their works for the combinations he had formed. It is remarkable what a similarity may be detected in the fictions of the penal world, common to every system of superstition. If we compare some of these monkish legends with the fables of Mahomedan or Hindoo visionaries, the points of resemblance will often be found very striking, supposing them to be merely coincident. It is not improbable, however, that many of them were of Oriental derivation. A striking instance of this similarity presents itself in the bridge of Mahomet, which is represented as being so narrow, that only the just man upheld by the help of heaven, can pass it: bridges analogous to this, occur continually in the legends of the Romish visionaries, from which sinners are represented as inevitably falling into seas of molten lead, or boiling sulphur.

Among these precious effusions of a barbarous age, the one to which in particular Dante has been supposed to have been mainly indebted for the leading idea of his poem, is the vision of a boy of nine years of age, named Alberico. Not merely the ground-work, but even the imagery of the *Commedia*, has been traced by some to this original. The admirers of Dante are much indebted to the Abate Cancellieri for publishing Alberico's dream entire, which leaves the originality of the poet without a shadowing cloud. Alberico is said to have become, in consequence of his vision, a monk of the Benedictine

order, on Monte Cassino; he has hence been confounded by Bollandus and others, with a Cardinal Alberico who lived in the preceding century, and was the author of some hymns, a treatise on music, one on astronomy, a defence of the Pope's election against the Emperor Henry, and some other works. Peter the Deacon, who assisted Alberico, the illiterate dreamer, in his compositions, (for he was himself unable to write,) gives a separate account of each of the two; of the Cardinal in his *De Viris Casinensibus*, of the Visionary, in his Chronicle of the Cassino. The passage in which the latter is mentioned, is as follows:

' At this time (during the abbacy of Girard, who sat from 1111 to 1123) there happened in Campania an astonishing miracle in every respect like those of the ancients. For in the Castle of the Seven Brothers, Alberico, a boy of noble birth, in his tenth year, being seized with illness, was brought to the last extremity. In this situation he was nine days and nights immoveable, and apparently dead, being without feeling. During this interval, he was conducted by St. Peter and two angels, through the place of pains into the infernal pit. At last, conducted to the pleasures of paradise, he saw the mansion of the saints; then being lifted into the aërial heaven, and being sufficiently instructed by St. Peter in the Old Testament, concerning the pains of sinners and the glory of the saints, he saw certain secrets, which he was not allowed to tell, and then, after being conducted through seventy-two provinces by the same Apostle, he was restored to life. Whoever wishes to see this vision, let him read it as written by Guido, a monk of this monastery. We shall not insert it here, as it is in the mouths of all. From this moment Alberico leaving the pomps of the world, sought the monastery of Monte Cassino, and being by Father Girard received with grateful affection, he took the habit of a holy conversion, and professed himself the soldier of Jesus Christ. Such indeed, is his abstinence, so much does he excel in gravity of manner, that no one can doubt that he saw the pains of sinners and the bliss of the just. For never since that time has he tasted wine or eaten meat. He always has his feet naked, and in this state he has remained with an afflicted body and contrite heart, in the monastery of Cassino, until this day. (1115.) lib. 4 cap. 68.

From what we learn of this Alberico, it appears that he could neither write nor read. His vision, it would seem, was written by Guido, a monk, apparently at his dictation. It was afterwards much interpolated and altered by Peter the Deacon himself. That its present state is different from what it originally was, appears from the preface indited by Alberico,

in which, speaking of it as it was written by Guido, he says: '*Quamplurima descripsit quamplurima dimisit*,' and he assigns this as his reason for employing Paul the Deacon to write it, under his inditing, expunging the false, and restoring to its place what had been passed over. The ground-work of this vision, is, however, entirely different from the poem of Dante; it does not even give a separate site to purgatory, but places the souls that are yet to be saved, in hell, thence to be taken when the time of their punishment shall have elapsed. The only striking similarity is, the situation of heaven, which is placed by both, within the several planets. Although the Abate Cancellieri admits that the plan of Dante cannot be traced to Alberico, still, he, in common with Bottari, and the editor of the edition of Dante published at Rome, in 1817, has attempted to prove, that many passages are merely imitations of similar descriptions in the monk. Because Alberico is carried to the other world by a pigeon, and Dante imagines himself borne into heaven by an eagle; because, again, the Monk describes great weights attached to chains, which drag down the guilty, and Dante represents souls loaded with a leaden frock and capote, gilded on the outside, which weighs them down; these sagacious commentators would argue, that the beautiful or terrific imagery of Dante, is copied from the Visionary; and they would persuade us that in '*Stridoribus quoque et nimis plena erant ejulatibus*,' we have the original of the following passage in Dante.

' Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air : pierced by no star,
That as I wept at entering, various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote, that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult that for ever whirls
Round thro' that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

Hell. Canto iii.

Were the vision of Alberico, however, attentively examined, it would be found that it cannot itself lay any claim to originality. That it was in fact a compilation, might be strongly presumed from internal evidence: a boy of nine years of age must have been an adept indeed in licentiousness, to have been able to enter into some of the descriptions. But there is scarcely a passage which might not be traced up to some earlier legend. In the *Lives of the Fathers*, written by some ascetic as early as the fifth century, there are several visions of the kind; among them is one which particularly deserves notice on account of its great similarity to the commencement of Dante's

poem, but it bears a still closer resemblance in other parts to Alberico's vision. A young man, handsome, opulent, and licentious, to whom is given the name of Tantalus, in going to a banquet, is suddenly seized with a fit which deprives him of his senses. His soul, escaping from his body, finds itself in an open country, surrounded by evil spirits, who reproach it with its numerous crimes. But the Almighty, having determined to take compassion on him, sends to his aid an angel of transcendent glory, who bids Tantalus follow him, and assuring him that he should again return to his body, desires him to notice all he should see in his progress through hell, purgatory, and paradise, which regions it was necessary he should take in his way back. There is a monstrous and disgusting fiction, which represents Lucifer as allaying his perpetual thirst by taking up a heap of his victims, and crushing them like a bunch of grapes, in order to drink their blood; then breathing upon them, he sends them away to different parts of the infernal regions, but upon his inhaling the air, they are all drawn back again to his neighbourhood. The Monk has a similar description of an infernal worm of immense size, which, on drawing its breath, inhaled an infinite multitude of souls, swallowing them like flies, and expelling them again in the form of sparks. There are other similar coincidences.

The visions contained in Matthew Paris's history, have also been supposed to have furnished hints to Dante for his great poem. It appears from the testimony of a worthy prelate of the council of Constance, as well as from an assertion of Boccaccio, in some verses which he addressed to Petrarch on presenting him a copy of the poem he was employed to illustrate, that Dante passed some time at Oxford; he was probably not unacquainted, therefore, with the work of our countryman, which contains an account of a vision of a Monk of Evesham, in which certainly some points of resemblance may be detected. The Monk, like Dante, converses with the souls he meets with in divers parts of purgatory and paradise. In the torments, there is no great similarity, except that fire is the instrument in both. Purgatory, as in Dante, is distributed into different circles on the sides of a hell, the inhabitants of which seek not to get out of the reach of the torments, for fear of losing any time. In Dante, according to the height of the sphere in which the blessed are placed in paradise, the lustre of their smile increases in vividness and fascination; so that when Beatrice has conducted the poet to a higher sphere, on his looking for her usual smile of assent, he is told that his mortal eyes could not endure it. The Monk of Evesham has these words: '*Hinc autem ad interiora prædictæ amœnitatis loca pergentibus; major semper et lucis claritas, et odoris suavitas, candorque ibidem degentium,*

‘et jucunditas arridebat.’* In the same book, there is another curious vision, which may be taken as a specimen of the legends of the time, of one Thurcillus Alari, who was conveyed in the year 1206, by St. Julian, to pay a similar visit to the three regions of the invisible world. He gives an account of a sort of theatric exhibition at which he attended there, with St. Peter St. Julian, and one or two more, and which takes place every Sunday for the amusement of the infernals. When they were all seated, a proud man was first made to come forward and to act the gait and every motion of a man who is proud even of his follies : his neck is stiffened, his face is turned upwards, he moves as if his arms were encumbered with ornaments, he talks big, and presently becomes inflamed with passion ; but in the midst of his game he is seized, and grievously tormented. Other sinners are then successively brought forward to mimic their own follies and crimes, and then to be consigned to suffering. Before Thurcillus enters, however, he passes by a pit, the fumes of which make him cough. As these fumes arose from the burning of all the tithes which had not been duly paid to the priest, this betrays to St. Julian that his visitant had not been exact in his payments, and he is therefore made to promise ample restitution !

Our readers have probably had enough of these visions. Dante had evidently materials enough of this description to work upon, but these would not account for his choice of a subject, any more than they detract from his merit in the admirable genius with which he has treated it. Palmieri, in the fourth book of his *De Vita Civile*, written in the year 1430, gives an anecdote of our great poet, upon the authority of tradition, which, could it be substantiated, might seem better to account for the direction which his fancy took. After the battle of Campaldino, Dante returning from the pursuit of the enemy, went in search of the body of a friend who was among the slain ; on discovering it, he was exceedingly startled by his friend’s rising and telling him that he had been into the other world, adding some particulars of what he had seen there, which address was no sooner ended than he fell a corpse at the poet’s feet. It is not impossible that some such circumstance might have occurred ; that the wounded man might have lain on the field during the interval, under the influence of delirium, and that just before death, he might revive sufficiently to give Dante an account of his imaginary travels. Such an event, if it really occurred, would naturally take a strong hold of the poet’s imagination ; but we have given our reasons for the opinion that his poem was commenced eight years earlier than the event alluded to, and the anecdote is after all of very questionable authenticity. It will remind our readers of a similar incident

* Matt. Paris. *Historia Major*. folio. p. 188.

in "Old Mortality," which its Author has worked up with exquisite skill, the resurrection of Habbakuk Mucklewrath.

The origin of Dante's poem has been traced to other circumstances. There was, we are told, a shew made on the Arno, to which all were invited to come, who wished to have news of the other world. This shew consisted of a representation of the pains of the damned, but it ended in a real catastrophe: many, as a chronicler of the times remarks, found the proclamation a serious one to them, for the bridge, on which a large company was standing, giving way, a great number perished. This happened, however, in the year 1304; Dante, therefore, could not take a hint from this event, as he was then in exile, and his poem was already much advanced.

Once more, with regard to Dante's supposed plagiarisms. In an Italian translation of *Guerino il Meschino*, a romance, the hero, having descended the well of St. Patrick, gives, upon his return, an account of having seen a demon in the middle of the ice, who had six black wings, which he kept playing as a bird while flying; they were greater than the sails of a ship, and were made, not of feathers, but of the same substance as those of the bat. His three faces were of three different colours, yellow, black, and those two colours mingled together; and in each mouth, he held a sinner, Judas, Brutus, and Darius the first. Dante's description of Lucifer is nearly word for word the same:

‘ That emperor who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid-breast from th’ ice
Stood forth. — — — —
How passing strange it seem’d, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces, one in front
Of hue vermillion, — — — —
The right ’twixt wan and yellow seem’d; the left,
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretched on the wide sea: no plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat, and these
He flapped i’ th’ air — — — —
At ev’ry mouth his teeth a sinner champ’d
Bruis’d as with pond’rous engine, so that three
Were in this guise tormented. — — — —

‘ That upper spirit
Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th’ other two
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus; lo! how he doth writhe
And speaks not! Th’ other Cassius, that appears
So large of limb.’ Hell. Cant. xxxiv.

Besides this singular passage, there are other similarities ; for instance, the ice contains the traitors in both, and the false prophets are in both painted with their heads the wrong way. That the Author of the romance, however, has copied Dante, not Dante him, is betrayed by the circumstance, that his language is always good and beautifully turned in those passages where there is any similarity to Dante, while in other parts it is weak and dull. Some (among others Poccianti) have supposed this novel to have been originally written by one Andrea, a Florentine, in support of which opinion they adduce the circumstance of a diatribe against Florence, which is contained in it, and which could have been written only by a Florentine. On comparing, however, the style of this Romance with the prose of those authors who wrote before Dante, we are convinced that it will be allowed that the language is of a much later date, nor is it indeed probable that a man like Dante would condescend to copy almost literally from an obscure romance.

But after all, the disputes respecting Dante's originality, are not worth half the labour that has been bestowed upon determining a question little connected with the real interest and merit of the poem. Its chief interest consists in its embodying the spirit and reflecting the intellectual character of the era in which it appeared : the astonishing genius which it displays, can be appreciated only by a reference to the circumstances under which Dante achieved his mighty enterprise. The incongruities, the barbarous taste, the occasional imbecillities of the poem, are chargeable less upon the Poet than upon the age : its severe grandeur, the boldness of its satire, the lofty spirit of freedom which it breathes, the bursts of tenderness and impassioned feeling with which it abounds, the learning which it displays, the richness of its historical allusions, and the beauty of its episodes, are so many distinguishing characteristics, which exalt it among the most extraordinary efforts of human intellect. Among the episodes, that of Francesca da Rimini, which Mr. Hunt has expanded into a beautiful ' Story' in four cantos, that of Ugolino, which has been familiarized through the medium of the canvass, and those of Farinata, of Guido Cavalcanti, of La Pia, and Manfredi, are strikingly beautiful. Guido Cavalcanti was one of Dante's earliest friends. Their intimacy originated in Guido's replying to Dante's first published sonnet to Beatrice. This custom, which prevailed among the early Italian poets, of answering each other's verses, was probably a remnant of the *cours d'amour* of the Troubadours. In passing through hell, Dante meets with Guido's father, whom he places there on account of his being a disciple of Epicurus. He is thus finely introduced :

' Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,

Rose from his side a shade, high as the chin,
 Leaning methought upon its knees uprais'd.
 It look'd around, as eager to explore
 If there were other with me; but perceiving
 That fond imagination quench'd, with tears
 Thus spake: "If thou through this blind prison go'st,
 Led by thy lofty genius and profound,
 Where is my son? and wherefore not with thee?"
 I straight replied: "Not of myself I come,
 By him who there expects me, thro' this clime
 Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son
 Had in contempt." Already had his words
 And mode of punishment read me his name,
 Whence I so fully answered. He at once
 Exclaimed, up-starting: "How! saidst thou, he had?
 No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye
 The blessed day-light?" Then of some delay
 I made ere my reply, aware, down fell
 Supine, nor after forth appear'd he more.' Hell. Canto x.

Nothing can be more beautiful than some of Dante's descriptions of morning and evening. We subjoin two passages, as further specimens of Mr. Carey's versification.

'Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day.'
 Purgatory. Canto viii.

'E'en as the bird, who midst the leafy bower,
 Has in her nest sat darkling through the night,
 With her sweet brood, impatient to descry
 Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,
 In the fond quest unconscious of her toil;
 She, of the time prevenient, on the spray
 That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
 Expects the sun, nor ever till the dawn,
 Removeth from the east her eager ken.
 So stood the dame erect (Beatrice), and bent her glance
 Wistfully on that region, where the sun
 Abateth most his speed!' Paradise. Cant. xxiii.

Dante's hatred of the Popes, which every now and then breaks out in his poem, is probably attributable quite as much to the spirit of the partisan, as to the enlightened views of the philosopher. Milton in his tract 'Of Reformation concerning Church Discipline in England,' cites Dante, together with Petrarch and Ariosto, as authority for his allegations against episcopacy, and he presents in 'English blank verse,' the fol-

lowing translation of a passage from the nineteenth canto of the *Inferno*.

' Ah Constantine ! of how much ill was cause
' Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
' That the first wealthy pope received of thee !'

Milton refers to a similar passage in the twenty ninth canto of *Paradise*, which is thus rendered by Mr. Carey.

———— ' The aim of all
Is how to shine : e'en they, whose office is
To preach the Gospel, let the Gospel sleep,
And pass their own inventions off instead.

* * * *

Such fables Florence in her pulpit hears
Bandied about more frequent, than the names
Of Bindi and of Lapi in her streets.
The sheep, meanwhile, poor witless ones, return
From pasture, fed with wind ! and what avails
For their excuse, they do not see their harm ?
Christ said not to his first conventicle,
Go forth and preach imposture to the world,
But gave them truth to build on ; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips ; nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield,
To aid them in their warfare for the faith.
The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and gibes ; and, so there be no lack
Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl
Distends, and he has won the meed he sought :
Could but the vulgar catch a glimpse the while
Of that dark bird which nestles in his hood,
They scarce would wait to hear his blessing said,
Which now the dotards hold in such esteem,
That every counterfeit, who spreads abroad
The hands of holy promise, finds a throng
Of credulous fools beneath. Saint Anthony
Fattens with this his swine, and others worse
Than swine, who diet at his lazy board,
Paying with unstamped metal for their fare.'

Paradise. Canto. xxix.

Dante takes every opportunity of severely satirizing his native city, and he attacked it with the sword as well as with the pen ; but the vices which are exposed by the poet, as disgracing his fellow citizens, are the same as the historian paints in colours equally strong, and notwithstanding his keen sense of injury, the partisan was still in heart the patriot. When Henry of Luxembourg was expected to besiege Florence, Dante persisted in refusing to join the army, although it was by its success that

he alone could hope to return to his birth-place. To Florence he still looked as the place of refuge for his old age, or, if he should not live, the resting place for his bones.

' If e'er the sacred poem that hath made
Both heaven and earth copartners in its toil,
And with lean abstinence through many a year
Faded my brow, be destined to prevail
Over the cruelty which bars me forth
Of the fair sheep-fold, where a sleeping lamb
The wolves set on and fain had worried me,
With other voice and fleece of other grain,
I shall forthwith return, and, standing up
At my baptismal font, shall claim the wreath
Due to the poet's temples.' Paradise. Canto xxv.

Dante, it is well known died in exile at Ravenna, having just entered his fifty-seventh year. His life presents a noble subject for the biographer: it is, however in great measure, history, being interwoven with the fortunes of his country.

Art. VI. 1. *Le Traducteur*; or Historical, Dramatic, and Miscellaneous Selections from the best French Writers, on a Plan calculated to render Reading and Translation peculiarly serviceable in acquiring the French Language; accompanied by an Abstract of Grammar, a Selection of Idioms, and explanatory Notes. By P. F. Merlet. 12mo. 6s. London. 1818.

2. *Dictionnaire des Verbes François*; or a Dictionary of French Verbs, shewing their different Governments. To which is prefixed a Table of the irregular Verbs, and some Remarks on the Tenses of the Conjugation and the Article. By J. C. Tarver. 8vo 10s 1818.

WE are always gratified by the appearance of elementary works; not that their mere multiplication can in any way tend to facilitate the progress of education, but because we are intimately convinced that much yet remains to be done before instruction can be said to start from its right point. Every fresh effort of this kind contributes in some degree, either by success or failure, to the promotion of this end; but we despair of witnessing its adequate execution, until men of superior powers and attainments will be content to devote them to this important object. Something has been done in the way of simplification; but the establishment of original principles, and the application of suitable examples, stated and unfolded in such a manner as to inform without encumbering, and at the same time addressed to the understanding as well as to the memory, yet remain a desideratum in perhaps all the branches of juvenile acquisition. The institution of the *Ecoles Normales* in France, was a noble attempt to adjust the busi-

ness of education by a regular and well calculated system; but the times were not favourable, and it failed.

Though the works before us do not aim at any very important innovations on the usual routine of instruction, yet they are not without claims on the patronage of the public. The first we think a very useful book, though we object to some of the selected matter, and feel regret that the very excellent plan has not been somewhat differently treated in its details. A few of the extracts are coarse in their sentiment and expression, and we feel surprise that any quotation should have been admitted, though without his name, from so detestable a writer as Pigault le Brun. The citation in question, is, we admit, nothing more than foolish and vulgar, but it is taken from the works of a wretch too depraved for contact. M. Merlet, after a sensible and available 'abstract of grammar,' introduces a considerable collection of extracts from various writers, in all of which the peculiar and idiomatic expressions are printed in italics, and illustrated by notes. We think the plan so good, that we hope to see it executed on a more judicious scale. No extract should be admitted but from sterling authors, and of intrinsic value, and they might range through all the varieties of idiom and composition, from the gay and familiar, to the less capricious and more elevated varieties of style.

The second work will also be found valuable. The Author has taken considerable pains to exemplify the various applications and uses of the verb, and he has on the whole performed his task very respectably. In a few instances, happier and more explanatory illustrations might have been found, and the plan is liable to the awkwardness of requiring the presence of another dictionary at the same time. The book, however, will be found to facilitate the labour of the pupil, and we hope that the Author may be encouraged to remove the small objection we have suggested, by the publication of a second part.

Art. VII. 1. *Epistolary Curiosities*. Consisting of Unpublished Letters of the Seventeenth Century. With Notes and an Appendix. Edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage, Bath. 8vo. pp. 214. Price 8s. London. 1818.

2. *Original Letters* from Richard Baxter, Matthew Prior, &c. &c. With Biographical Illustrations. Edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage, near Bath. 8vo. pp. 303. London. 1817.

WITH regard to the bulk of collections of the nature of these before us, it may be said of the parts that are selected, that, like Gratiano's reasons, they are 'as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth

' the search.' The autograph of an unpublished MS. is doubtless a treasure to its possessor, but let the precious original be once submitted to the multiplying process of the press, and its value is destroyed. In much the same manner, the Bibliomaniac instantly loses his relish for some tall copy of a work which had been the pride of his book-shelves whilst it remained uncut, but of which some busy meddling friend, in ignorant zeal, has separated the leaves.

Mrs. Warner's volumes are not free from the fault which attaches to almost all other collections of the same kind. It by no means follows, because a thing has not been published before, that it is worth publishing at all; nor is it quite fair that an individual, because he bears a great name, should be expected on all occasions to prove himself a great wit, or a profound thinker; or that having said many clever things in his life-time, all the dull ones which he, like other people, must have recourse to in the ordinary routine of all human occurrences, should be promulgated to the world, with the solemn air of announcing an important discovery. For instance, we should be glad to know what additional honour will accrue to John Selden, ' the glory of the English nation,' and the ' great dictator of its learning,' or in what new light the reader will be enabled to view his character, from the publication of such a letter as the following.

" Noble Sir,

" This gentleman, Mr. Williams, comes from Dr. Chaunsell, Head of Jesus College, in Oxford, about the legacy of books made to them by my Lord of Cherbury. I presume he will take just care of the safe delivering of them, if he shall receive them from your hand, which I desire he may, together with the catalogue, to take a copy of it, and return it again. Sir, I ever am your most affectionate and humble servant, J. SELDEN. Nov. 1, 1648. White Friars."

Epistolary Curiosities, p. 40.

We by no means intend to assert that the whole, or even the greater part of the letters in these collections, are quite of so trifling or uninteresting a nature. Some of them are curious from their subjects, and others are interesting for their sentiments. Of their genuineness, there appears no reason to entertain doubt. The principal part of the earlier letters are from the Herbert family, and from the immediate vicinity of the Editor to the magnificent seat of a descendant of that noble house, it may be presumed that the original manuscripts, which she states to be in her possession, have not travelled to her from any great distance. They relate chiefly to domestic affairs, quarrels produced by property, and evils occasioned by the want of it. The amiable character of George Herbert, well known to the public through the medium of Walton's *Lives*, appears to much advantage in a letter to his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, wherein he recommends three orphan nieces to his protection,

and pleads their friendless state to him with a feeling of delicacy and a discretion, which evince equally the warmth of his benevolence, and the excellence of his understanding. A few lines are given from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, characterized by Kirton, in his history of the Church of Scotland, as having passed 'the most unhappy life of any woman in the world:' they are addressed to the romantic and wrong-headed Edward Lord Cherbury, as celebrated for his infidel notions, as his brother George was for his saint-like piety. The names of Cromwell, Fairfax, Monk, and others familiar to the readers of history, which occur in this collection, will awaken more curiosity than the contents of the Letters will satisfy. There are a few particulars rather interesting, relative to the deportment of James the Second, on his coming to the throne. The Letters from the ladies, in this collection, are, for the most part, in diction, grammar, orthography, and sentiments, such as a housemaid might be expected to write in the present day. Nevertheless, the most entertaining letter in the volume, at least the most characteristic one, is from the pen of a female, a Miss M. Offley, who writes to her cousin Henry Herbert, for his advice respecting the propriety and eligibility of her marrying a learned and ingenious man who had an income of six hundred a year, besides personals and contingencies,—no despicable property two centuries ago; but then, the possessor of it had the misfortune to be a school-master, and this is an objection so terrible to the lady, that she, for a moment at least, seems inclined to balance 'a gaudy atheist with a very good estate,' against him, and his learning and ingenuity into the bargain. Fortunately, however, worldly prudence comes into contact with worldly pride. She hesitates: 'But then I consider the neglects of such a creature, after being married a little while, would be as bad as this man's employment; and on the other side I am a slave to the world, and start when I think people would say Mrs. O. has married a scoole-master.' The consciousness she shews of her folly, warrants the hope that she had strength of mind and virtue enough to renounce it, and our confidence in her having done so is increased by her postscript, which has been said to be the place where we are sure to find a female's real opinion.

In the "Original Letters," the names of Baxter, Prior, Bolingbroke, Pope, Cheyne, Hartley, Johnson, Gilpin, Newton, and others, occurring in motley mixture, present a bill of fare which seems to aim at pleasing all palates. The Collection opens with a letter from the venerable Baxter, to the Rev. Dr. Richard Allestree, giving him an account of some of the persecutions to which his steady nonconformity subjected him, during a stormy period of nearly fifty years of his life. The

curious original of this letter was found accidentally in a second-hand copy of Lyndewode's *Provinciale*, purchased some years since at Cuthell's, in Holborn. As if for the sake of contrast, the name of Baxter is immediately followed by the names of Prior, Bolingbroke, and Pope. The letters of Bolingbroke and of Pope are as cold, and heartless, and unsatisfactory, as any of those already laid before the public from the same sources; though Mrs. Warner seems to consider those of Pope to Judge Fortescue, as the most valuable part of her collection, as completing a correspondence, a part only of which has been hitherto published. They were found among the papers of that inestimable man, the late Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, and were communicated to the Editor by a person, his near relative, whom she styles 'one of the most perfect of human beings,' and who, we should imagine, among his other perfections, may probably have modesty enough to blush at being made the subject of such unqualified praise.

Our readers will be more interested in the letters of Dr. Cheyne to Samuel Richardson, which breathe the full spirit of that cheerfulness and piety which distinguished their amiable author. Temperance is his darling theme, and the forming of a Valetudinarian's Catalogue his favourite hobby. Respecting the cardinal virtue which he practised as well as preached, our sedentary and studious readers may not be displeased to see what he prescribes to Richardson, at the time he was composing his *Pamela*, from his own actual experience of its efficacy in building up a feeble constitution, and soothing a temperament naturally irritable, and rendered much more so by constant application.

"Now as to yourself: I never wrote a book in my life, but I had a fit of illness after. Hanging down your head, and want of exercise, must increase your giddiness; the body, if jaded, will get the better of the spirits. If you look into my sheets, now printing, you will find that Sir Isaac Newton, when he studied, or composed, had only a loaf, a bottle of sack, and water; and took no sustenance then, but a slice of bread and a weak draught, as he found failure of spirits from too close attention. Even in my very lowest diet, of three pints of milk and six ounces of bread, in twenty-four hours, I abate one half when I study, or find my head clouded."

"It is not material to your new regimen, these trimming intermissions you make in it; the only inconvenience in it is, that they continue your regrets for the flesh-pots of Egypt a little longer alive, and you must absolutely die to *them*, that you may *live*. I tried all those tricks long and much; and only found they prolonged my dying pains. On experience, I found it best to do as Sir Robert said of the Bishop of Sarum, he bravely plunged to the bottom at the first jump. He who is in the fire should get out as soon as he can; either the method is

necessary and safe, or it is not; if it is, the sooner the better; if it is not, time only can shew it. He that has plenty of wholesome vegetables cannot starve; and it is very odd, that what is the only antidote for distempers, when one has them, should cause them when one has them not, or at least has them not to any dangerous degree. The coming into the regimen slowly can only postpone the distemper it may produce a few days, or weeks longer; indeed, all that the voluptuous say about that, is mere farce and ridicule. As to Chandler, he was ever a voluptuary and epicure, and at venison time every year makes himself sick, dispirited, and vapourishing; and yet he was younger than you, when he entered upon it, and I am of opinion if he had not, he had been in Bedlam long e'er (*ere*) now; for he has naturally a warm imagination and an inflamed fancy.

“ Dr. Hulse knows nothing of the matter. He is indeed a very good practitioner in drugs, and on cannibals in their inflammatory distempers; but he knows no more of nervous and cephalic diseases than he does of the mathematics and philosophy, to which he is a great enemy, and without them little is to be made of such disorders. There may be times and seasons when a little indulgence in chicken, and a glass or two of wine, may not only be convenient but necessary, as a person stops to take his breath in ascending a steep hill; for example on cold-catching, a nausea, or inappetency, &c.

“ I can honestly assure you, all the plunges I have ever felt, these twenty years, since I entered upon a low regimen, have been from my errors in quantity, and endeavouring to extend it; and I never get quite free of them but by pumping the excesses up by evacuation, and returning rigidly to the *lightest* and *least* I could be easy under from the anxiety of hunger; and you will find this the surest rule to go by; for abstinence, even under a low diet, is sometimes as necessary as under a high diet.

“ I find by yours, you go on timorously, grudgingly, and repiningly. It is true you are not a physician, but you are, I hope, a Christian. St. Paul kept his *body under*. Our Saviour bids us fast, and pray, and deny ourselves without exception; but for this there is no need of revelation advice. If you read but what I have written on this last, in the Essay on Regimen, as the means of long life and health, or Cornaro's and Lessius's little treatise, your own good sense would readily do the rest; but you puzzle yourself with friends, relations, doctors, and apothecaries, who either know nothing of the matter; are well under a common diet; or, whose interest it is, or at least that of the craft, to keep you always ailing, or taking poisonous stuff; and so you are perplexed and disheartened. I have gone the whole road, had one of the most cadaverous and putrified constitutions that ever was known; and I thank God, am returned safe and sound at seventy, every way well, but the miserable infirmities of age.” p. 73.

Respecting the Catalogue, the Doctor thus writes to the same person.

“ I wish you would think of employing a fit person to collect, and

write a character and contents of, all the books in the English or French, that are fit to amuse and instruct the serious and virtuous valetudinarian, of whatever kind; such a catalogue, if judiciously collected by a man of virtue and taste, would be a great charity; would be well received by the virtuous and serious of all parties; would be of great service to the fair sex; and would keep many persons from the play-house, and the tavern, and perhaps from worse places." p. 82.

He proceeds to dilate on the advantages of such a production, saying, a little whimsically, 'that it would be as useful for England, as Bedlam is; and perhaps more so;' and in a subsequent letter to Richardson he enters again upon the subject, and proceeds to state more fully the nature and classification of the works of which such a catalogue should consist, recommending the catalogue of mystic writers, published by Poiret, as a model for it.

A few pages are occupied with an interesting memoir of Dr. Hartley, his sister, and eldest son. After some letters of the late Rev. W. Gilpin, we have then an account of Joseph Ameen, the Armenian Prince. This man was a most extraordinary instance of the impelling force of a ruling passion, of the privations which may be willingly submitted to in the pursuit of a favourite object, and of the difficulties that may be conquered by perseverance. Ameen's father, flying from the tyranny of Kouli Khan, settled at Calcutta, as a merchant; and sending for his son to that place, the youth was so much struck with the perfection of the European in the military art, and the variety of their information, that from that time he burned to burst the bonds of slavery and ignorance in which his countrymen were held under the yoke of their oppressors. Accordingly, he resolved to go to Europe, for the purpose of acquiring 'the art military, and other sciences to assist that art.' His father, however, refused to listen to any of his schemes; for 'God,' says Ameen, 'did not give him understanding in these things.' But 'I could not bear,' he adds, 'to live like a beast, eating and drinking without liberty or knowledge.' He therefore resolved to work his passage to Europe, and after 'kissing the feet of Captain Fox, of the ship Walpole, a hundred times,' he prevailed upon him to admit him on board his vessel, on that condition. How he proceeded on arriving in this country after a laborious passage, will best be seen in his own simple narrative, contained in a letter to his great patron the first Duke (at that time Earl) of Northumberland. Ameen had recommended himself to the notice of the Earl's steward, at a time when he was wandering through the piazzas of the Royal Exchange in the greatest distress, by warning him of the roguery of a Turk, whom he overheard conversing in the Turkish language with another Mussulman, and concerting to practise an imposition upon the

steward, respecting the sale of a set of Arabian horses, about which they were bargaining. The whole epistle is exceedingly interesting as a specimen of mingled simplicity and acuteness, as well as for the originality of the style.

““ I entered,” says he, after detailing the circumstances of his parentage, “with my little money into Mr. Middleton’s academy. I had the honour to tell your Lordship so before. I was first a scholar, and when my money was gone, I was then a servant there for my bread ; for I could not bear to go like a dog, wagging a tail at people’s doors for a bit of bread. I will not grieve your Lordship with the miseries I went through. I do not want to be pitied. I got service at last with Mr. Robarts, a grocer in the city. For this time I carried burdens of near 200 lbs. upon my back, and paid out of my wages to learn Geometry, and to complete my writing, and just to begin a little French : but because, my Lord, I almost starved myself to pay for this, and carried burdens more than my strength, I hurt myself, and could not work any longer ; so that I was in despair, and did not care what did become of me. A friend put me to write with an attorney in Cheapside, which for a little time got me bread : but I was resolved, in despair, to go again to India, because nobody would put out his hand to help me to learn ; and my uncle sent £60. to Governor Davis to carry me back.

““ I am afraid I am too troublesome in my account to your Lordship, but we people of Asia cannot say little and a great deal, like scholars. Now I met by chance, some gentleman who encouraged me, and gave me books to read, and advised me to kiss Capt. Dingley’s hands, and shew my business to him. He was a brave soldier ; took me by the hand ; spoke to his serjeant, an honest man, to teach me the manual exercise ; and gave me Toland’s Military Discipline, and promised to help me to learn gunnery and fortification. But I was again unfortunate ; for when light just began to come to my eyes, he died, and I was like as before, except that I knew a little of manual exercise, and had read some of the Roman History. I could learn no more, nor live ; I was broke to pieces, and bowed my neck to Governor Davis, to go over to my friends, without doing any of those things I suffered for.

““ I am in this net at present, but am happier than all mankind, if I can meet any great man, that can prevail on Governor Davis to allow me something out of the money he has, (only on condition that I return, that *I return to blindness* again ;) that I may go through evolutions with recruits, and learn gunnery and fortification ; and if there is war, to go one year as a volunteer. If Governor Davis writes that I have a great man here, my protector, my father, who looks upon me as a person run away and forsaken, will make me an allowance to learn. If I could clear my own eyes, and serve my country, and my religion, that is trodden under foot of Mussulmans, I would go through all slavery and danger with a glad heart ; but if I must return, after four years slavery and misery, to the same ignorance, without doing any good, it would break my heart.

““ My Lord, in the end, I beg pardon. I have experienced of your Lordship’s goodness, else I would not say so much. I would not

receive, but return. And I want nothing, but a little speaking from the authority of India Governor to my friends. I have always been honest. Those I have been a slave to, will say I am honest. Mr. Gray trusted me." p. 184.

We have not room for a very singular letter from this extraordinary man, addressed 'To the most shining, most Christian king, Heraclius, of Georgia and Armenia,' offering his services as a volunteer, detailing the reasons that had urged him while yet a child, to endeavour to gain instruction in the European arts of war, and giving an account of the policy by which England maintained her superiority above other nations. This letter is a fine specimen of the fervid feeling and eloquence of the East, joined to that spirit of inquiry and ardour of personal exertion, which brought Peter the Great from the stormy regions of the north, to learn the art of ship-building, to which he looked for the aggrandizement of his country. Ameen's reliance was placed upon the scimitar, which at the close of his letter, he prays, more however in the spirit of a Mahommedan, than of a Christian, 'the eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' to 'sharpen upon all the enemies' of his majesty. His letter to his sweet father and his uncle, his beloved, as he styles them, giving an account of the hardships he had endured in his eager pursuit after knowledge, and vindicating himself from the imputation of undutifulness and deficiency in natural affection, in having left them, is likewise extremely affecting; it expresses a firm trust in Divine Providence, and displays some religious feeling; but his whole soul was absorbed in the military passion, and to his favourite idea of emancipating his country from the tyranny of the Turks, all the faculties of his strong mind were bent. This hope, however, he was never permitted to see any rational prospect of realizing. Being enabled by the generosity of his friends in this country to reach Armenia, he was presented by Prince Heraclius with a command in his army, where he evinced the greatest skill and courage; but all his efforts were unable to excite a military spirit among his countrymen, and he was at length reluctantly compelled to relinquish the idea, finding, as he expressed himself in a letter to the celebrated Lord Lyttleton, who was one of his patrons, 'that they were devoted to a mercantile life, and must continue to live and die slaves.'

This extraordinary man was well known to Wilson, the English Claude, for whom he had a great affection. Calling one day on this gentleman, he was shewn the prints of Alexander's battles after Le Brun, which threw him into such an ecstasy, that his features and gestures became animated to a degree of fury which Wilson declared no description could reach, and which probably afforded as high a gratification to the painter, as

the contemplation of the Macedonian's conquests did to the Armenian prince.

The account of Joseph Ameen is, perhaps, the most interesting article in the volume. There are, however, some other letters, which deserve not to be passed over with indifference. One would have thought the most laborious industry could scarcely have added any thing to the mass of anecdotes already given of Dr. Johnson, from Boswell's ponderous quartos, down to Miss Boothby's thin volume; nevertheless, we find two or three letters here, which we do not recollect to have seen before. The volume contains several letters from Dr. Claudius Buchanan; one from the Rev. John Newton; one from Voltaire to Lord Lyttleton, together with his lordship's reply. It concludes with a letter from the late Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland, on the death of Mrs. Jones, which has, we believe, been repeatedly published.

Art. VIII. *Reflections concerning the Expediency of a Council of the Church of England and the Church of Rome being holden, with a View to accommodate Religious Differences, and to promote the Unity of Religion in the Bond of Peace*: humbly but earnestly recommended to the serious Attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the Most Reverend the Archbishops, the Right Reverend the Bishops, the Reverend the Clergy, and all Lay Persons, who are able and willing dispassionately to consider the important Subject. By Samuel Wix, A. M. &c. &c. Second Edition, with Additions. London, 1819.

(Concluded from page 462.)

MR. Wix proceeds resolutely to deny that the Church of Rome is the Antichrist of Scripture, and condemns 'those who have' (he says) 'in an intemperate zeal, as uncharitably as absurdly stated the Church of Rome to be the Antichristian power;' adding, that he is 'hurt when he notices so cruel a charge from however high authority.'

This is all in the due order of things, because if any writer, after having proved, to his own satisfaction, that the Churches of Rome and England agree in all fundamental doctrines, were to admit the Church of Rome to be either idolatrous or antichristian, it would be to condemn his own church: "Thus saying, thou reproachest us also." Does Mr. Wix, however, seriously expect that this modern theology is to invalidate the whole stream of evidence which has flowed down from the commencement of the papal apostacy to our own times? Are all the lights of history to be extinguished in his favour, and are his mere *dicta* to outweigh the opinions of such commentators as Newton and Mede, Archbishop Leighton and Bishop Burnet,

Doddridge and Whitby, Bishops Hopkins and Hall, Vitringa, Witsius, Junius, and Tremellius, not to instance the great lights of the Reformation, Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Bucer, Melancthon and Beza, or the labours of Pole in his invaluable "Synopsis," or of Gale, (although a Dissenter,) in his "Court of the Gentiles?" Are these men, who adduced the most powerful arguments to prove the Church of Rome idolatrous, apostate, and antichristian, together with that noble army of martyrs, who "resisted unto blood striving against sin," to be thus charged by Mr. Wix with intemperate zeal, uncharitableness, and absurdity—and to be set aside as so many misguided fanatics, who ought rather to have embraced and united with the Romish Church, than have called her by such uncharitable names as "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots, and abominations of the earth, the Woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus?" (Rev. xvii. 5, 6.) We think, if it be put to the spiritual part of the nation to choose between their sentiments and those now propounded, no doubt can remain as to the decision.

We venture further to predict, that what Grotius attempted in vain, will not be accomplished by Mr. Wix. 'Permitting himself, (says Bishop Hurd,) too easily to conclude that the Protestant doctrine of Antichrist was the sole, or principal, obstruction to the union of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, he bent all the efforts of his wit and learning to discredit and overthrow that doctrine. *The issue of his general scheme was what might easily be foreseen; and of his arguments I shall only say, that the Romish writers themselves, for whose use they might seem to be invented, though they continue to object his name to us, are too wise to venture the stress of their cause upon them.*

Our Author denies that the Latin service of the Romish Church is intended to keep the people in ignorance, and says it arises from 'the affection of the Roman Catholics for the Latin language as a Catholic language.' Now, we think this rather too much even for the credulity of the Papists themselves, who must know full well, that if Latin be the *universal* language of the learned, it is not, and never will be, the universal language of the Poor to whom the Gospel was to be preached, nor can any logic make it so. They are indemnified, however, says Mr. Wix, by having a translation on one side of the page: this is very consolatory. But we may safely put it to any man, woman, or child in the Reformed Church, what kind of intercourse could be expected to pass between the worshipper, and Him who "must be worshipped in spirit and in truth," if the minister were to conduct the service in what must be to them a barbarous language, while they were reduced to the necessity of fol-

lowing him, with what speed they might, upon the crutches of a translation. Surely the probability is, that in despair of deriving edification from so irrational a service, they would act as there is but too much reason to believe is done under the system in question, that is, would consider themselves as mere automata, crossing themselves at certain intervals, making profound prostrations and genuflexions at others, dropping the beads of their rosaries at every fresh paternoster, and leaving all the rest to the priest as their spiritual father and the director of their consciences. We need not stop to remark how utterly at variance is this apology for prayers in an unknown tongue, with the Articles of the Church of England, and the plain declarations of Scripture.

The appearance of our Catholic chapels is highly delightful to Mr. Wix. 'There is an attention and a devotion,' he says, 'truly exemplary to all Protestants, during the performance of mass and vespers, while the prayers and psalms are in a *language not generally understood*.' Again: 'Certainly the Romish service is grand and captivating.' In proof of this, he quotes the anonymous journal of some modern traveller in France, who, being reduced by excessive fatigue almost to a state of 'hysterical agitation,' repaired to the Church of St. Roche, then 'illuminated with unusual splendour,' in order to 'tranquillize the painful irritation of his brain.' 'Here,' says the traveller, 'the gorgeous habiliments of the long train of priests, the splendour of the prolonged ceremony, the exquisite chanting of the singers, were altogether infinitely impressive. I was so overpowered, that I could scarcely stifle the hysterical sobs which arose.' (We recollect nothing so sentimental in all Sterne.) 'I felt a reverential awe which almost made me dread to lift up my eyes, lest I should encounter the reproofing glance of an offended Deity. My conscience brought before me all the faults I had ever been guilty of'—a most happy effect of candle light! The grand climax of all this sublime scenery is, that forgetting he was called a Protestant, this benighted traveller 'received the sacrament with sincere devotion, and thought not,' as he says, 'of the peculiar tenets of Catholic or Protestant.' Indeed, it was unnecessary to inform us, that he thought not of those peculiar tenets, or he would not so readily have partaken of that bread which the priest of a different communion pretended to have then converted into the actual body of Christ, of whose nature and character, however, this traveller appears to have had a very inadequate notion, when he proceeds to designate him as a 'perfect man;' neither would he have been contented to have been refused the cup, which his own Church would have permitted him to partake of,

but which the Church of Rome impiously denies to the laity. Such is the anecdote by which it is now hoped to impress the Public with a sense of the imposing and affecting service of the Mass, when set off with all the frippery of vocal and instrumental music, and all the meretricious varnish of Romish or Parisian ornament !

How can we wonder, after this, at Courayer's attending Mass and Church-service alternately, at Ealing, as Mr. Wix says he did, or blame the orthodox in general for the hankering they at present feel after the use of Holy water, the elevation of the Host, the elegancies of Image worship, the charm of Indulgencies, and the benefits of Extreme unction ?

We now find our Author declaring himself more openly on the fearful perils of the Bible Society, and lest any doubt should rest upon his own authority, he adduces the sanction of *the Rev. Mr. Phelan* and *the Rev. Mr. Norris*, in proof of 'the mischiefs resulting from the indiscriminate association of Churchmen and Dissenters in the British and Foreign Bible Society.' The sum of their united arguments is, that the association of churchmen with dissenters, even for such a purpose as distributing the simple word of God abroad and at home, without note or comment, begets religious indifference, and leads to communion in error, induces contempt for the doctrines of the Church, and disregard for the authority of antiquity. Not only, therefore, does our Author abjure all union with Dissenters, and treat the very expectation of such a union as chimerical, but he solemnly warns all the members of his own Church, as they tender their spiritual safety and their common happiness, against meeting under the same roof, and sitting round the same table with Dissenters, even for the godlike purpose of supplying greater facilities to the distribution of that blessed word which he professes to believe is "the power of God unto salvation," which can alone open the blind eyes, soften the hard heart, and "turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." While such reasoners, however, are doubting and disputing, the purpose of the Almighty is manifestly being accomplished in the world. The prayer of David, the son of Jesse, that the whole earth might be filled with His glory, is being answered before our eyes ; and while we behold such glory to God in the highest, we witness its benign accompaniment in that peace and good will among men which bespeak the real source of such a blessing, and best evince its character. Yes, we will venture to tell opponents of every name and class, that although we cannot adopt the union with the Church of Rome which is here recommended, we believe that the Bible Society has done more in promoting and extending the divine principle

of CHARITY, than ever was accomplished before, or ever could have been brought about in any other way, or upon any lower system. We would therefore address opponents in the words of even a heathen monarch, "Let the work of this House of God alone."

But, says the Reverend Divine before us, the friends of the Bible Society can give no pledge for the possession of sound doctrine, nor any security for the profession of a right faith. To take the lowest possible ground in meeting this argument, we should be glad to be informed what *the Romish Church* has done for the world in this particular? Do Protestant divines of the National Establishment mean to tell us, in defiance of all ancient history and modern experience, that any better guarantee for Scriptural doctrine and practice has been afforded by the Popish hierarchy, from the first corruption of "the truth as it is in Jesus," down to the present moment? Have they so read De Thou and Rapin, Burnet and Robertson, as to disbelieve and deny the awful darkness of Popery in doctrine, and the consequent grossness and deformity of Popery in practice? If so, let them only look at the important admission of EUSTACE himself, a "prophet of their own," who, when speaking of the flagrant immorality of Italy, says, 'May it not be ascribed to *the corruptions of the national religion, to the facility of procuring Absolution, and to the easy purchase of Indulgences**?' Have Spain and Portugal furnished such brilliant examples of the purity of the Romish faith, or tended to prove that faith so remarkable a preservative from error? 'The religion of Spain,' says Pinkerton, 'is the Roman Catholic, which in this country and Portugal has been carried to a pitch of fanaticism. The monks being extremely numerous, and human passions ever the same, those ascetics atone for the want of marriage by the practice of adultery, and the husbands, from the dread of the Inquisition, are constrained to connive at this enormous abuse. *The conscience is seared by the practice of Absolution; and the mind becomes reconciled to the strangest of all phenomena—theoretic piety, and practical vice united in bonds almost indissoluble.* The vice becomes flagrant beyond conception, as it is practised by those very men who ought to exhibit examples of pure morality.†' Again: 'It may perhaps be asserted that the Roman Catholic system in the south of Europe is the only superstition in the universe which has at any period necessitated the practice of vice; thus confirming the maxim that the corruption of the purest and best system is always the worst. Were an Apostle again to

* Eustace's *Italy*, Vol. II. p. 46.

† Geography, Vol. I. p. 415.

‘ visit Spain, he would certainly begin by preaching the Christian practice, as if the very idea of Christianity had perished, and his first duty would be TO CONVERT THE ECCLESIASTICS.’*

Did the Romish religion do much for France before she openly renounced her Maker, or preserve her from rank infidelity and atheism as a nation? Does it *now* secure to her the observance of the Sabbath, or preserve her from the violations of the marriage vow? The Sunday Theatres, and other public enormities of France, are too well known to require further notice. And with regard to private life, Mr. Pinkerton remarks: ‘ The laws and decency of marriage are frequently sacrificed, and the looseness of the French morals in regard to the female sex has become proverbial.’ Professor Robison, in his ‘ *Proofs of a Conspiracy, &c.*’ speaking of the state of France for above half a century before the Revolution, says: ‘ Infidelity was almost universal.’† ‘ Religion in France appeared in its worst form, and seemed calculated solely for procuring establishments for the younger sons of an insolent and useless noblesse. The morals of the higher orders of the clergy and of the laity were equally corrupted.’‡ Would the reader know the cause of all this corruption? Mr. Pinkerton shall supply it. ‘ ANY SUPERSTITION REMARKABLY ABSURD HAS A TENDENCY TO PRODUCE CONCEALED ATHEISM.’§ This observation remarkably corresponds to one of GALE, although written above a century ago: ‘ What more potent to make men Atheists than such a ridiculous superstitious religion as that of the man of sin. Carnal policy, which is the quintessence of popery, naturally tends to Atheism.’||

With regard to the present condition of France, in reference to papal error and priestly subjugation, we have only to remember that one of the first acts of the restored monarchy, was to found at St. Denis, a royal chapter of thirty-four canons, to include the whole of the bishops, whose duties are expressly defined in the act of foundation, to be ‘ to perform nine masses for the dead daily; namely, three for each of the three dynasties of the French monarchy; to say vespers daily for the dead; the service being consecrated exclusively to prayers for the souls of the illustrious dead, whose remains are deposited in that Church.’ For these objects above £. 2,000 sterling were appropriated on the first establishment, and above £. 10,000 sterling annually from a dilapidated treasury, which is actually paying at this moment.

* Geography, Vol. I. p. 253.

† Robison’s *Proofs, &c.* p. 34.

‡ Ibid. p. 60.

§ Geog. Vol. I. p. 257.

|| Court of Gentiles, Part III. p. 228.

‘It certainly is a most melancholy consideration,’ to avail ourselves of some remarks which appeared on this subject, ‘if the souls of those who died under the first dynasty of France, are yet in purgatory; and it naturally occurs to ask, what the French Church has been about ever since that dynasty expired, to permit them to remain there until thirty-four priests, newly appointed for that purpose, at a salary of £. 10,000 a year, shall pray them out? If it be said the priests are not to pray for the souls which lived under that dynasty, but for the dynasty itself, are we then to understand that the whole dynasty still remains in purgatory? So much the more melancholy, I rejoin. But if this be the case, then, what is to become of this first dynasty, on its release from purgatory? Is it meant to be said, that any good practical use can now be made of that dynasty, and that it is either to supersede or invigorate the existing dynasty? These questions appear well worthy of the consideration of the advocates of prayers for the dead. The further duty, however, of these right reverend and reverend ecclesiastics, is, “to say vespers daily for the dead, and the service to be read is to be exclusively consecrated to prayers for the illustrious dead, whose remains are deposited in that Church.” As charity begins at home, it certainly was only proper that the service should be thus exclusive, if it be necessary that there should be any service at all; but perhaps some persons may think that this last point requires to be proved first: At all events, it does appear necessary that the important question should be first settled which so long divided the Catholic Church, one and indivisible, immutable and infallible; as to *the length of time in which souls remain in purgatory*. Some decision thereon appears necessary, both as affecting the illustrious souls of St. Denis, and of the other ancient French dynasties. It is well known that some learned Catholics have maintained, that after a period of twenty years, souls were released from purgatory; while others have as stoutly contended that their stay was more indefinite. It is evident that the present clergy of France espouse the latter opinion: but if an inquiry had been first instituted as to which of these opinions was really correct; and it had fortunately been given in favour of the twenty years, then let it be only considered how much money might have been saved to the finances of France at a period of such peculiar difficulty as the present: since it is plainly demonstrable by a rule of three sum, that if £. 10,000 per annum was requisite to pray out three whole dynasties, and the dead of St. Denis, so much less would have been necessary if the period in which any, and all souls and dynasties could remain in purgatory were limited to twenty years. I am not without the hope, however, that it may be still possible

‘ to settle this question by a reference, if not to the Sorbonne,
 ‘ yet to some other equally competent authority ; in which case,
 ‘ the French minister of finance will, I am sure, be bound by
 ‘ every tie of gratitude to return his public thanks for the sugges-
 ‘ tion. I am here irresistibly reminded of the anecdote of the
 ‘ famous Michael Angelo, and the Pope’s master of the ceremo-
 ‘ nies, touching the doctrine of purgatory. The painter had in
 ‘ his picture of the Last Judgment, for some real or imaginary
 ‘ injury, placed the illustrious dancing-master among the
 ‘ damned in that place which Pope declares can never be men-
 ‘ tioned to “ ears polite.” Justly incensed at such an affront,
 ‘ his holiness very naturally required of the painter that he
 ‘ should immediately take out the figure ; upon which the Artist
 ‘ replied, that if he had only been consigned to purgatory, some-
 ‘ thing might perhaps have been done for him, but that as he
 ‘ had become the tenant of another place, no earthly power could
 ‘ extricate him from thence. It seems worthy of consideration,
 ‘ whether, after the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which
 ‘ has been freely lavished in the support of the different govern-
 ‘ ments of Europe, the present was the fittest time for a public
 ‘ recognition, on the part of the Most Christian King, of the
 ‘ existence of such a state as purgatory, and of the duty of ap-
 ‘ propriating so splendid a revenue for the purpose of praying
 ‘ souls out of it. It certainly appears to me as revolting to the
 ‘ feelings of Protestants, as the restoration of the Order of Je-
 ‘ suits by the Pope for the avowed purpose of opposing the Re-
 ‘ formation, or the erection of the Holy Inquisition by the same
 ‘ infallible authority for the purpose of controlling the human
 ‘ mind, enslaving the person, and maintaining, at whatever
 ‘ sacrifices, arbitrary power and ecclesiastical tyranny, which,
 ‘ by the way, will be ever found inseparable.’

We may now ask again, What have the tenets of the Romish Religion done for mankind in the way of security for sound doctrine, that they should be preferred by a Minister of the Church of England, to a Protestant institution, whose sole object is the distribution of the word of God, without the glosses and additions of men ? We apprehend that the question which was once put to Jehoshaphat by Jehu, the son of Hanani, the seer, may be put to certain divines of the Church of England, under the pressure of such facts as these :
 ‘ Shouldst thou, help the ungodly, and love them that hate
 ‘ the Lord ?’ To leave the consideration of the Romish faith for the present, we would ask, Do the love of Tradition, and the taste for other Popish tenets, on the part of the learned Protestant authorities, whose theories have already been examined, supply us with any sufficient proof that the Church of England herself, can preserve her most learned members

from greater heresy and absurdity, than can possibly be proved against any members of the Bible Society? Or does the work now under review exhibit such decided proofs of sound principle, such attachment to the Articles, Homilies, and Liturgy of the Church of England, such perfect knowledge of her real interests, and such charity towards those of her members who happen to think differently from the Author, (on the Bible Society, for instance,) as should induce us to believe, that we have any better security for truth on the part of that Author, than if he were a member even of the Bible Society itself? We repeat that we are here taking the very lowest ground, since we do not even attempt to prove what we consider a self-evident proposition, namely, that the Bible itself can inculcate no error, and can disseminate only the truth.

We take the leading hallucination of the present work, to be a conceit most strongly infixed in the mind of its writer, that since no salvation is to be expected out of the pale of an Episcopal Church, therefore it is dangerous to unite with any who are not of that Church, though it be only in dispersing the Holy Scriptures; and further, that since the Church of Rome is an Episcopal Church, and holds the same fundamental doctrines as the Church of England, therefore a union of the two Churches, (to the utter exclusion of all their mutual dissidents,) is not only practicable in itself, but is the only probable scheme for delivering the world from doctrinal heresy and practical vice. It is against such a theory as this, having, as we believe, for its basis neither the Scriptures of God, nor the dictates of right reason, that we must protest with all our might, from whatever quarter it may be propounded. Its great fallacy consists in the assertion of the same claim on the part of the Church of England to that exclusive monopoly of the Christian covenant, promises, and privileges, for which the Apostate Church of Rome has ever most strenuously contended, and which she will only renounce with her existence.

It is evident that upon Mr. Wix's Popish system of exclusion, neither the established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which wants Episcopal guides, nor yet the Lutheran, Helvetic, and Calvinistic churches abroad, can by any possibility be parties to the Union with the Church of Rome, which is now recommended to the Prince Regent, the Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy, and in short, to the nation at large.* All churches which are not strictly Episcopal, are in

* 'There be some rash people,' says Sir MATTHEW HALE, 'that will presently unchurch all who are not under Episcopal government; and if they see a man otherwise of orthodox principles, and of a pious and religious life, yet, if scrupling some points of ecclesiastical

Mr. Wix's judgement, completely out of the pale of truth, and far less safe depositaries of religion, than the apostate Church of Rome.

These sentiments, so unworthy of any Protestant minister, and so ill suited to the period in which we live, are in strict accordance with the doctrines taught, not by ancient Councils alone, but by the heads of the Romish Church at this moment. The most Reverend Archbishop Troy remarks, in his Pastoral Instruction of 1793: 'The Apostles, their disciples and successors in every age, have thought it their precise duty to gain proselytes to this *one* faith, to this *one* society, to this *one* fold, and have uniformly taught, that *salvation cannot be otherwise obtained.*' And a greater authority than Dr. Troy, even the present Pope, expressly declares, 'that the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion, because it is divine, is necessarily *one, by itself alone*, and can form no alliance with any other.' Sad news for Mr. Wix! See the Pontifical Instruction contained in the first volume of one of the most important documents of modern times, the "*Relation de ce qui s'est passé à Rome dans l'envahissement du Saint Siege,*" published by Keating, the bookseller of the English Vicars Apostolic, London, 1812. The language also of the present Pope, in speaking of his Church, is, 'OUT OF WHICH THERE IS NO HOPE OF SALVATION.'—'*Della quale non vi è speranza di salute.*' See the same work, vol. 1, p. 43.

It is thus that the Church of Rome openly denies to the Church of England, what our Author denies to the Dissenters, viz. the privileges of the Gospel Covenant; so that we have, on the one hand, the accredited Head of the Romish faith, declaring there is no salvation out of his own Church, and on the other, a Protestant minister of the Church of England coming to the same conclusions respecting his Dissenting brethren. 'I am too much a Catholic,' said PHILIP HENRY, 'to be a Roman Catholic;' but had he lived to our own times, he would have seen that the same exclusive spirit which actuates

'government, though peaceable, they will esteem him little better than a heathen, or publican, a schismatic, heretic, and what not: on the other side, if they see a man of great fervour in asserting the ecclesiastical government, and observant of external ceremonies, though otherwise of a loose and dissolute life, yet they will be ready to applaud him with the style of a son of the Church, and upon that account, overlook the miscarriages of his life, AS IF THE ESSENCE AND LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION LAY IN THE BARE ASSERTING OF THE BEST FORM OF ECCLESIASTICAL GOVERNMENT.'

the Head of the Romish Church, is not confined to him, or to his system, although it is remarkable that a decided opposition to the circulation of the Scriptures of truth, is found to be equally the characteristic of all who espouse such sentiments.

It appears of the last importance that all Protestants who value the religion of the Holy Scriptures, should observe *the present feelings* of the Romish Church in reference to their general use and free circulation. The consideration of this fact will best shew, that Popery is, what Popery was, and will supply the most effectual answer to the arguments of Mr. Wix, and his authorities, the Rev. Mr. Phelan, the Rev. Mr. Norris, &c. against the Bible Society. In the Bull of the present Pope, the circulation of the Holy Scriptures is characterised as 'an abominable device by which the very foundation of religion is undermined.' It is declared to be the duty and object of the See of Rome, 'to employ all means for the purpose of detecting and rooting out such a pestilence in every way.' The Catholic Primate of Poland, to whom this modern anathema is addressed, is highly commended in it for his 'zeal and activity, under circumstances so threatening to Christianity, in having denounced to the Apostolic See, this *defilement of the faith*, tending to the *imminent peril of souls*,' and he is 'earnestly exhorted to execute daily whatever he can achieve by his power, promote by his councils, or effect by his authority, in defeating the plans which the enemies of the Catholic religion,' are represented to have prepared for its destruction.' It is further declared to be the especial duty of the Episcopal office, to expose the wickedness of such an *abominable scheme*, by shewing, in obedience to the precepts of the Catholic Church, that *the Bible printed by heretics, is to be numbered among other prohibited books of the Index*.' After which, it is expressly asserted, that 'experience has proved, that the Holy Scriptures, when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have, through the temerity of men, *been productive of more injury than advantage*.' For this cause it is declared to be 'necessary to adhere to the salutary Decree of the 13th June, 1757, which prohibits all versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues, except such as are approved by the Apostolic See, and are published with annotations from the writings of the *Holy Fathers*.' In other words, the only translations of the Bible which are permitted, when translations may be used at all, are such as have been published by the Romish Church, with such interpretations, both from tradition and otherwise, as in a variety of instances both dilute the strength, and corrupt the purity of the original text; thus affording a

vehicle for conveying such a sense of the sacred writings as may favour and perpetuate the errors of the Romish communion alone.

In this modern Papal Anathema, suited as it is to the darkest ages of the world, and bitter and intolerant as it is in the highest degree, his Holiness does not stand alone, but finds in those of his clergy who are now resident in our own Protestant empire and metropolis, the most faithful and willing coadjutors; in all which we are led to observe the co-operation of parts, and the unity of design, which are secured by such a secular system as induces any man, or any set of men, whether Papists or Protestants, to denounce the exertions of their fellows for enlightening the world through the medium of the Holy Scriptures. Does the Pope declare that the Bible printed by Heretics, (in other words, the Protestant version,) is a prohibited book, and that the Scriptures are not to be read in the vulgar tongue? The Vicar Apostolic and the Priests of the Romish Communion, now resident in the British Metropolis, inform a British House of Commons, that these are the undoubted dogmas of their Church, and that they are bound by every principle of conscience, and every motive of duty, to act upon them in their practice. Bishop POYNTER, the Romish Vicar Apostolic of the London district, in his answer to the inquiries of the Committee of the House of Commons, in the last Parliament, on the subject of Education, remarks: 'I could not in any manner approve of *any Catholic children reading the Protestant version of the Scriptures*;' and he says that in doing so, he should 'act contrary to the constant discipline of the Catholic Church.' He afterwards states in his examination, that all the Catholic versions *have notes*; so that when the Holy Scriptures are explained by Popish notes and comments, but not otherwise, they may be consulted by those who are training for immortality! Upon being afterwards asked whether the objection to the Protestant version would still occur, if passages were taken *which are exactly the same in the two versions*, he replies, '*The objections would be the same, although the words were the very same!!!*' He then states, that 'children and the unlearned' (or the poor) 'are not allowed to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue without the permission of their pastors.' He further states that 'there was never any prohibition at all in the Catholic Church against reading the Scriptures in *Latin*, but all the regulations referred to the *translations in the vulgar tongue*; and the Church' he adds, 'had two views—one, that the translation should be such as was authorised by the Catholic Church,' (and we have before seen that there

is no authorised translation without Popish notes,) ‘and secondly, that they should not be read by those from whose ignorance or dispositions, the pastors of the church had reason to fear that the reading of the Scriptures would be *rather prejudicial than beneficial to them* ;’ or, as the Pope says in his Bull against the Bible Society, ‘The Holy Scriptures, in the vulgar tongue have been productive of *more injury than advantage*’—a blasphemous position by which the Antichrist of the Apocalypse has placed himself in direct opposition to Him who has dictated those Scriptures by His unerring Spirit, declared them able to make us “wise unto salvation,” and enforced upon all men the paramount duty of searching them. In further confirmation of these opinions of the Romish Vicar Apostolic having been deliberately formed, he adds, ‘*The reading of the Protestant version of the Bible is a point to which I could never give my approbation* ;’ and in answer to the question, ‘Could you allow *any portions* of that version to be selected for the use of the Catholic children?’ he answers, ‘No.’ On being asked, ‘Whether he could consent, by the instruction of Protestants, to better the moral condition of those Catholic children whom he had admitted to have fallen into vicious and bad habits, arising from their ignorance?’ he replies, ‘As a Catholic Bishop, I do not judge that their morals could be improved but by religious instruction ; and *I could not consent for them to receive it from Protestants* ;’ and, on being further asked, whether he conceived ‘that the religious instructions which might be conveyed by teaching them to read the Protestant Scriptures, would not better their moral condition?’ he answers, ‘Certainly not.’ In like manner, in the examination of the Rev. James Bramston, a Priest of the Romish communion, we find him stating, first, that ‘it is not at all the practice to give the Scriptures to the common people without notes ;’ and secondly, that ‘the Bull Unigenitus’ (the main object of which was to prevent the general use of the Holy Scriptures) ‘is still undoubtedly in force in the Romish Church.’ Thus also the Rev. James Archer states, that he ‘knows of no Catholic version in England without notes ;’ and that the Priests ‘think it unsafe for children to be taught even such parts of Scripture as BOTH CHURCHES AGREE UPON, *without note* :’ after which, he still further reduces the chance of the Holy Scriptures obtaining free circulation, by stating that ‘*even with notes*, the Priests do not sanction the promiscuous reading of the Scriptures, but to such persons as they think will make a good use of them,’ which is neither more nor less than to take upon themselves the tremendous responsibility of withholding the

word of God from all persons whom they in their wisdom may consider as unfit to possess it.*

It is remarkable that MR. DALLAS, the Defender of the Order of Jesuits, although himself (like our Author) a Protestant, remarks: 'Bible Societies will diffuse good or evil over the world, according to *the prudence* with which the sacred volumes are distributed!' The Romish Bishop MILNER, in his charge to his clergy, dated 30th March, 1813, while he severely reprobates those of his own communion who join Bible Societies, remarks concerning Protestants: 'In acting thus, *they act conformably to the fundamental principles of THEIR Religion, which teach that the Bible contains all things necessary for salvation;*' a remark, by the by, for which we apprehend a Protestant Minister who inveighs against Bible Societies, will hardly thank a Popish Bishop. To shew, however, the Bishop's sentiments respecting these Societies, he adds: 'The promiscuous reading of the Bible is *not calculated, nor intended by God, as the means of conveying religious instruction to the bulk of mankind.*'—Again: 'It is evidently a much more rational plan to put the Statutes at large into the hands of the illiterate vulgar, telling them to become their own lawyers, than it is to put the text of the mysterious Bible into their hands for enabling them to hammer their religion and morality out of it.'—Again: 'The Church recommends the reading of the Bible to all who have some tincture of learning, and an adequate knowledge of their religion, together with the necessary humility and docility to dispose them to *submit their own private opinion upon all articles of faith to the belief of the great Church of all nations and all ages.*' Again: 'My dear and beloved Brethren, I am confident you will *not* encourage or countenance the distribution of Bibles or Testaments among the very illiterate persons of your congregations as proper initiatory Books of Instruction for them.' The same Prelate, in a letter in the Orthodox Journal for October, 1813, signed by himself, calls the Bible Society '*a novel and portentous Institution, unknown to the Fathers and Doctors of past ages,*' and concludes with this remark: 'It is *evidently impossible to add any notes whatever to the Sacred Text which will make it a safe and proper elementary Book of Instruction for the illiterate poor.*'

Let it now be seriously considered whether this assertion of a

* See, in support of the above Extracts, and for much valuable information on this subject, the Report of the Committee of Education to the House of Commons in June, 1816.

Popish Bishop, that the Bible Society is 'a novel and portentous Institution unknown to the Fathers and Doctors of past ages,' is at all stronger than Mr. Wix's designation of the same Society as the 'grand modern engine of religious schism and insubordination,' and as 'a delusive and mischievous Society, organized on a wild plan of comprehension, regardless of the purity of Christianity, and injurious to the unity of faith.' Let it be considered whether the hostility of each of these Objectors does not spring from the same source, and whether it does not tend to the same end. If we shall here be thought to use strong language, we shall seek our justification in a French apology, '*On n'a pas pris la Bastille avec de la limonade.*' We confess that in contemplating this Popish and Protestant opposition to the Bible Society, we are forcibly reminded of the following passage: "When Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the Ammonite heard of it, it grieved them exceedingly, that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." We anticipate however a similar issue. "It came to pass that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes, for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God." (Nehemiah ii. 10, and vi. 16.)

An unfortunate note from the Rev. Mr. Phelan, is adduced in support of the correctness of our Author's views as to the increase of Schism, by reason of the Bible Society; we call it unfortunate, because it surely proves too much for any writer who would honour Episcopacy and exalt an Episcopal Church. 'One Bishop,' says Mr. PHELAN, 'learned, pious, and venerable, charges his Clergy to support the Society; a second, no less learned, and pious, and venerable, charges his Clergy to discountenance it; a third has exerted his distinguished talents in advocating the Society's proceedings; a fourth has devoted his no less distinguished talents to the exposure of its principles, and the refutation of its pretensions; a fifth has felt it his duty to pronounce the Society pernicious to the Constitution of our Church; and a sixth is reported to have felt it his duty to represent his illustrious brother as overturning its fundamental principles.' Now, we shall be glad to be informed, in what way the Orthodox members of the Episcopal Church of England (to say nothing of the Dissenters) are expected to act under such a conflict of ecclesiastical opinion in high places. And since this question of the Bible Society is evidently treated by Mr. Wix throughout his work, as fundamental, we shall be glad to learn, what particular security for unity of sentiment upon other great points of controversy he supposes we shall have, from the union of the Protestant hierarchy, thus divided in opinion, with the Popish hierarchy,

which never differs at all ; unless he imagines that our Protestant Bishops will all, with one consent, surrender their own judgement, the instant the union of the two Churches shall have taken place, impelled, no doubt, by the preponderating influence of the conclave of Cardinals, the session of Legates, and the council of Vicars Apostolic of the Holy Roman Empire.

In pursuing this subject, our Author glances gradually at an argument which we think unanswerable, and which we therefore do not wonder he should have answered no better. The friends of the Church of England, when charged with associating with Dissenters in dispersing the Bible, have always said, ' It is as much our right and our duty to unite with those of ' different sentiments from ourselves, in circulating the Scriptures of Truth, as it is our right as Englishmen, and our ' duty as Christians, to unite with persons of every various sentiment, religious or political, in subscribing to an Hospital for ' the cure of sickness and disease, for the restoration of the ' blind to sight, or of the deaf and dumb to speech and hearing.' But how does Mr. Wix meet this argument ? ' An Association that has in view the *bodily* relief of our fellow creatures, with whatever persons, is commendable ; but we are ' under a prior obligation, in regard to religious association, to ' be most careful to avoid communication with all deniers of ' Christian truth, since that communication tends to a compromise of sound doctrine, and is inconsistent with that honest ' zeal with which we are to contend for the faith. Here, as it ' appears to the Writer, is the commanding and unanswerable ' argument against that indiscriminate association of Churchmen with Dissenters, invited by the Bible Society.' Now, we apprehend that so long as it can be shewn that the soul is of more value than the body, and eternity of greater importance than time, there will be far stronger reasons for uniting together to give the Bible to the world, than for administering medicine to the sick ; and we would suggest for the consideration of those who hold a different opinion, whether such opinion may not be founded in such an inadequate view of the miseries of a ruined world, as was once taken of the state of a wounded traveller by a Priest, and afterwards by a Levite, who came where he was, but who both " passed by on the other side." We wish such objectors honestly to inquire of themselves, though perhaps for the first time, whether their present state of feeling may not be referrible to that condition of mind, which formerly originated the question, " And who is my Brother ?" or which, on another occasion, induced the kindred inquiry, " Am I my brother's keeper ?" Surely, when Protestant ministers find themselves on the same side with a Church whose accredited Head, and whose standing priesthood, have ever denied

the Bible to the people, it is high time for them to scrutinize their own motives, and to examine minutely into the validity of their peculiar pretensions to orthodoxy. Such orthodoxy is, indeed, according to Mr. Wix, put into the utmost jeopardy by an association with any who deny the great fundamental truths of Scripture : but has he ever considered how comparatively insignificant is the number of those persons connected with the Bible Society, who come within the scope of such an observation ? And did he never reflect that even if it were otherwise, the great corrective of all the error in the world is the Holy Bible, in dispersing which, the most effectual antidote against poison of every kind is supplied ?

With regard to Mr. Wix's idea, that contamination is unavoidable by those of right principles, it is to pay but an ill compliment to the strength of those principles, to imagine that truth is in every instance to give place to error, rather than that error is in any case to yield to truth. But we contend further, that nothing can be more remote from the fact than the supposition that the members of the Bible Society meet together for the purpose of bringing over each other to their peculiar views, or that its Dissenting members do, in point of fact, ever meddle with the theology of their Brethren of the Establishment. From an acquaintance with the Society, cœval with its origin, we can assert that nothing can be further from the truth than the notion so sedulously inculcated throughout this work, that the meetings of the Society are of a theological or controversial character. We assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the members of this society are actuated by more sublime and hallowed motives than making Churchmen Dissenters, or Dissenters Churchmen. They desire, indeed, that all among themselves should be better Christians, whatever external profession they may bear, but their main object is to publish a volume which, under the blessing of God, may make those persons Christians indeed, who have either never heard the name of Christ, or who have nothing more than his name, who are yet "in the flesh," and who in that state, whatever may be their outward privileges, "cannot please God." Their object is not the extension of a party, but the conversion of a world ; not the increase of any merely visible Church on earth, but the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, the salvation of immortal souls, and the extinction of sin and error of every class and degree. Their primary object is, that they may themselves escape the "wrath to come ;" and next, that they may be the honoured instruments of saving their fellow creatures from destruction. They feel, that having "freely received," they should "freely give," and believing that "the glory of the Lord is risen upon them," they deem it a solemn duty, "to arise and

“shine, for their light is come.” The knowledge that some few Socinians contribute to the Bible Society, affords no better argument for a real Christian renouncing the Society, than the notorious fact of there being some Socinians among the Clergy of the Church of England, would supply a sufficient reason why a member of that communion should withdraw from it. If he be himself sound in the faith, his continuance at his post is the more necessary; he has a right to look for the blessing of God upon his labours for others, and has no cause for a cowardly dereliction of duty in the apprehension that he may himself sustain some injury in the experiment. We are really almost ashamed of arguing such points, and notice them only, lest silence should be construed into acquiescence.

If the views we have taken be correct, what will then become of what Mr. Wix calls his ‘commanding and unanswerable argument against the indiscriminate association of Churchmen ‘with Dissenters?’—a feeling indeed, which operated very strongly with St. Peter, before his Lord and Master shewed him that he was not to call any thing common or unclean, but which had no longer any force when his mind was enlightened from above, and when he was taught to consider the eternal interests of his perishing fellow creatures as of a nature to outweigh all his narrow prejudices, and invalidate all his pharisaical pretensions, teaching him that a cup of cold water given to a disciple should by no means lose its reward, and that there was “joy in heaven over” even “one sinner that repenteth.” Surely the feelings which would deprive such a world as this of the Bible Society, and which could induce a Protestant Minister to inveigh severely against those Bishops of the Church of England who belong to it*, may well be suspected of an alliance with that spirit which lately induced an Archdeacon of the Establishment to rise in a public assembly with a Bishop at its head, and deliver a solemn protest against the Church Missionary Society,—a Society which has for its object the instruction and conversion of those very heathens and unbelievers, for whom the Church of England, in her collect for Good Friday, puts up that affecting supplication, that He who has made all men, and desires not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should *be converted* and live, may have mercy upon all Infidels and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart and contempt of his word, and so fetch them home to His flock, that they may *be saved*, and made one fold under one shepherd; language which evidently supposes that Man in a state of nature, of ignorance, and of obduracy, cannot be saved. ‘The way for all men to be saved,’ says Hooker, ‘is by the know-

* See pp. 84, 85, 86, and 90 of Mr. Wix’s work.

'ledge of that truth which God hath taught; and since eternal life is a thing of itself communicable to all, it behoveth that the word of God, the necessary mean thereunto, be so likewise.' No considerations, however, of this nature, present any counterbalance in the mind of our Author, sufficient to dispel his alarms of Schism, Sectarianism, and Quakerism, to say nothing of Calvinism, Methodism, and Fanaticism. He is indeed quick to discern the sins of false doctrine as connected with sects of every name, but let the same evil only present itself in the garb of an Episcopal Church, no matter whether of Rome or of England, and he takes up the language of the lover,

'No faults thou hast, or I no faults can spy,

'Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.'

Mr. Wix not only considers a union with the Church of Rome as the only effectual security against Dissenters, but he regards the same remedy as the grand specific against the evils which the Church of England has to fear from those of her members, who are commonly called Evangelical Christians*. He imputes to such persons, although within the pale of his own Church, the holding of lax and heterodox sentiments, which he supposes them to have contracted from their support of the Bible Society, and from that fatal indifference to the truth which he considers to be necessarily generated by an association with persons who are themselves in error. In the midst of much generality, the overt act of schism on the part of such offenders, is thus stated.

'However they crowd to any Church where there is what they call Evangelical or Gospel Preaching, they do, if they find it not in the Church, notoriously resort to Meeting Houses, where they do find it, but where the Ministry is not Episcopal, nor can be traced in authorized succession from the Apostles.'

Our space will necessarily preclude the full examination which this part of the work demands, but it will be obvious that it involves no less than a consideration of the whole charge so long exhibited against a large portion of the Established Clergy, that they neither preach the gospel of Christ, nor exemplify in their lives the influence of real religion. Without intending to pronounce definitively upon a question of such magnitude, we cannot doubt that there is abundant ground for certain Ministers of the Establishment to put to themselves the following plain questions.

Is the grand Protestant doctrine of Justification by Faith only, the basis of their public addresses?

Is not the cold, lifeless, and barren system of salvation by

* See Postscript to the Work.

works, which was taught by the Heathen philosophers before the coming of a Saviour, and has been taught by the Church of Rome from her earliest foundation, too generally permitted to supersede this fundamental doctrine of salvation by faith?

‘How oft, when Paul has serv’d us with a text,

‘Have Plato, Tully, Epictetus, preach’d!

‘Men that if now alive, would sit content

‘And humble learners of a Saviour’s worth.’

Is any adequate prominence or importance given by such Ministers, to the main doctrines of original sin, and the entire prevalence, and fatal consequences of actual sin in the case of every unconverted man? On the contrary, are not communion with an external Church, and the participation of her Sacraments, too generally made to usurp the place of that spiritual renewal of the heart, and that entire change of the life, which are of the very essence of all vital godliness?

Is not the agency of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of every individual who is ever brought into a state of grace, absolutely denied by many of the regular Clergy, as the dream of enthusiasm; while the great majority of that Clergy are either suppressing all recognition of the work of the Spirit in Regeneration, or else affirming that Baptism is Regeneration, and that no other is either necessary or possible?

Are separation from the world, and crucifixion to its lusts and pleasures, which the Scriptures of Truth and the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England assert to be the necessary and invariable fruits of a saving Faith, ever made by such Ministers, either the test of their own character, or of the religious profession of their auditories; or are not such Teachers, in point of fact, occasionally found at the Theatre, and frequently at the Card Table, and do they not brand with opprobrious terms such members of their own Church as are renouncing the vanities against which they protested at their Baptism, and which appear essentially opposed to seriousness of mind, to growth in grace, to purity of heart, and consistency of character?

Are there not too many instances in which those frequenters of our Churches, who choose to inquire for themselves, and not to take their Religion upon trust, must be compelled to witness a palpable difference between large portions of that Liturgy which is read in the desk, and a large portion of the Sermons which are delivered from the pulpit, and to observe with concern and sorrow, that many of those blessed truths which Cranmer, Jewel, Saunderson, and others, have embodied in the Confession, the Collects, the Prayers, and the Articles of the Church, are either openly renounced, or silently contemned by

the regularly constituted Ministers of that Church, so that the view of Protestant doctrine which is conveyed by certain Sermons, bears no nearer affinity to the leading truths of Scripture, than the view of the Romish creed, which is sought to be given by our Author, harmonizes with that which appears in the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and of every Pope who has ever reigned?

We shall neither attempt to answer these interrogatories ourselves, nor assert that they may not be answered satisfactorily, but we do think that if the charge which they involve can be established, the best reason will be found why 'very little attachment,' to use the words of Mr. Wix, is found among some of the Members of the Church, and why that Church, to quote Mr. Wix again, 'has not been successful in sufficiently impressing upon her Members, the necessity of undivided attachment.' We believe the extent and character of those congregations in the Establishment where the doctrines of the Bible are faithfully preached, and where the Minister evinces in his deportment an abiding sense of the important nature of his office, and of his own deep responsibility, will form the best proof of the value attached by the people to sound doctrine and holy walking on the part of their appointed teachers, and will leave it no longer doubtful to what cause the alienation and defection so feelingly deplored by our Author, are to be referred.

From this *Postscript* we turn to the *Appendix*, where we find Mr. Wix making a most extraordinary use of the great movement which has been lately witnessed on the Continent, in the resistance which has arisen, on the part even of some of the Ministers of Popery itself, to Papal usurpation, and to the exercise of that power which the Head of the Romish Church has never ceased to claim over those of his Church, who, although residing in other States, and subject to other Monarchs, have in any degree ventured to think and act for themselves, in defiance of Papal decrees, or General Councils. We allude to the recent contest between Baron Wessenberg and His Holiness, as detailed in the "Correspondence," reviewed in our last Number; a work exemplifying, in a remarkable degree, the present arbitrary and tyrannical views of the Court of Rome, and its unchanged resolution to interfere in the spiritual and temporal concerns of other nations by the most unworthy means. It might indeed be imagined, that the obvious effect of so powerful a proof of the present operation of Popish intolerance and bigotry, as is here displayed, would have been an anxious desire, on the part of any Minister of our Protestant Church, that the members of the Catholic Church on the Continent, should rid themselves of a yoke too heavy for them or their

fathers to bear. But is any such result produced on the mind of our Author? Far otherwise: he had indeed long known, he says, that the Pope had refused to confirm the nomination of this excellent Vicar; in plainer English, that he had evinced much the same feelings towards him, as Pope LEO Xth had displayed towards another enlightened Priest, of the name of LUTHER; but 'in his' (Mr. Wix's) 'anxiety to avoid whatever might tend to irritate the Roman Catholic, or to draw forth a premature opinion on an affair which is at present before the *supreme Court of Rome*, he has purposely abstained from alluding to it.' We really know not whether to express most astonishment at the sentimental tenderness which is here evinced towards the *Church* of Rome, or the unbounded deference which is expressed for the decision of the *Court* of Rome. Now, however, that 'the subject must come to the knowledge of every Englishman who mixes in the world, or reads the publications of the day, he feels that some allusion to it is proper.' In other words, now that the whole Continent and all England ring with the treatment which this man has received from the Pope and his Cardinals, (a man who, in the language of Mr. Wix himself, 'bears the character of a pious, a moral, a benevolent man, animated with principles truly Apostolic,') it appears impossible any longer to suppress all allusion to the subject. And what is the reader likely to consider the probable result of this Writer's reflections on such a case, and for what purpose does he advert to it at all? In good sooth, that the General Council now to be convened, may, in addition to its primary purpose of uniting the Church of Rome with the Church of England, enjoy the secondary triumph of uniting the Church of Rome with herself, and of still preserving such refractory sons as Baron Wessenberg, within her own bosom and pale. The separation likely to ensue on the Continent at this time, between enlightened Catholics and their own Hierarchy, is contemplated by our Author as an evil of no common magnitude, and in order therefore to "stay the plague" which has begun, he proposes to "stand between the dead and the living" by a General Council.

'It is generally supposed,' he says, 'that an absolute separation from the Roman See will soon take place in that part of Germany which is subject to the jurisdiction of the Grand Duke of Baden. If so, the separation will probably *not stop there*, but will extend to *other dominions*.'

After adverting 'to a discrimination which,' he considers, 'should be made between those Roman Catholic friends of reform in Germany, some of whom, as is feared, being Revolutionists, are desirous of freedom from the Papal power, only that they may destroy Christianity,' and others, whose

motives like the Baron's, are of the most pure description, he remarks,

‘ It must be the wish of all persons animated with similar principles, whether Catholics or Protestants, to proceed *with moderation*. In renouncing errors, let them be careful that they do not *adopt greater* : in freeing themselves from usurpation, let them not plunge into a denial of all *salutary authority*. An anxious desire to guard against these *unhappy excesses*, again impels the Writer to invite the consideration of the Christian world, as to the expediency of a Council being authoritatively called, and charitably holden, between the Church of England, and the Church of Rome. If something of this kind be not done, it is *much to be feared that the renunciation of Papal power may be attended in a Christian view with consequences most mischievous, even with a wanton renunciation of all Ecclesiastical authority, and a general denial of the vital doctrines of Christianity.*’

Now, let us suppose some professed Minister of the Gospel of truth, who lived at the period when the Pope of other days opposed and persecuted Wickliff, Huss, and Luther, to have argued after this fashion, and then let it be considered what estimate must reasonably have been taken of such theology and such logic. What would those who love the Gospel have thought if such a person had argued thus?—‘ The two Religions agree in all great fundamentals. The differences in other things are of little or no importance. If so great an authority as the Pope is to be opposed by obscure individuals, by refractory ecclesiastics and untractable laymen, the enemies of truth will step between the contending parties, and destroy Christianity itself. Let all good people therefore, proceed *with moderation*, and take care that in siding with Wickliffe, Luther, and their brethren, they do not introduce *greater errors* than Popery ; (as if this were possible !) let them beware how they deny the *salutary authority* of a corrupt and apostate Church. Such exertions may issue in nothing short of an absolute separation between the Head of that Church, and these its misguided members, who may yet be saved from perdition, by a seasonable reconciliation. In order to guard against all *unhappy excesses*, let a General Council be authoritatively convened, lest the renunciation of the Papal power be attended with consequences most mischievous, even with a wanton renunciation of all Ecclesiastical authority, the doctrines of Tradition, and the love of the Fathers.’—We need do no more than inquire what opinion would have been entertained of such reasoning in other days ; and with what sensation, we would ask, can it be expected to be received at the present, when a much larger portion of spiritual light is diffused over the world than formerly, by means of a Society which Mr. Wix, in the plenitude of his charity, would consign to hopeless reprobation ?

One word, in conclusion, upon the Catholic claims. It does not appear specifically from this work, how Mr. Wix stands affected in regard to them, but as, in his character of a Fellow of Sion College, he has petitioned against those claims, and as in his book he assigns to his own Church at least an equality, if not a primacy, of rank and power in his imaginary Council, we presume Mr. Wix must be a decided opponent of what has been called Catholic Emancipation. We do not, however, see upon what principle he can consistently deny to those persons who, as he says, agree with us in all fundamental points, and differ with us only in non-essentials, the full extent of what they at present claim, except in so far as the concession of their claims might possibly make some strange alterations in the frame of the Protestant Hierarchy as by law established, and bring about such changes as might involve in their consequences even Vicars, Chaplains, and Clerical Secretaries. For who can say if those leviathans the Most Reverend Dr. TROY and the Right Reverend Bishop POYNTER were once to take their seats in the London district, how long the small fry who (to borrow an image of Burke) are at present frisking in the pacific ocean of ecclesiastical bounty, might be permitted to disport themselves in such delightful sunshine? We feel assured that the Author, even in the utmost exercise of his charity towards the Romanists, can never seriously countenance their pretensions to political power, to the right of legislating for a Protestant Church, or executing the functions of a Protestant state. It must be obvious to him, that such events could not possibly happen without endangering the supremacy of the Church of England; and it is not therefore likely that he would knowingly assist in the overthrow of a system, concerning which he may sing the canon *Quorum pars magna fui*. But we would ask him, in all seriousness, whether he thinks that portion of the population of this country who support the National Church as the Church of the Reformation, and who are attached to it only so far as it stands aloof from Popish doctrines and practices, will be likely to feel for the interests of the Established Clergy, any longer than they are true to those Protestant doctrines, to which they have pledged allegiance, and which it cost the best blood of England to secure to that Church? We would ask, whether, if Mr. Wix's statements were correct, as to the close similarity, and all but identity, existing between the two Churches, there would be any thing left in the Church of England to recommend it to the esteem or support of a great Protestant population? For ourselves, we do not hesitate to avow that we think the prominent feature in the Catholic question is the radical and all-important difference between the two Religions, and that if it could once be established, that Popery in all its parts was not

essentially opposed to the religious and moral interests of all who call themselves Christians, the ground upon which the opponents of the Romish claims are standing, would be exceedingly narrowed. If it could once be shewn that the Church of England is, as Mr. Wix contends it is, more than three-fourths Popish, both in doctrine and practice, we should say that he had unwittingly made out a far stronger case against that Church, than the most powerful enemy who has ever come up against her, and at the same time had furnished the friends and advocates of the Papacy and its claims, whether spiritual or political, with one of the strongest weapons they had ever wielded. We apprehend, further, that while the profession of such a Religion as that of Popery, ought to induce every friend of Scriptural truth and religious liberty to weigh most seriously the consequences of further concessions to the Roman Catholics, it becomes him no less seriously to consider whether the same reasons which operate in regard to the Roman Catholics, are available in respect of Protestant Dissenters, and whether the political disabilities of the latter can consistently or reasonably be defended in the present state of society and of the world. At all events, we think that one result of such reflections will be, a conviction of the utter untenableness and gross intolerance of the main position advanced in this work ; namely, that not even a religious union can possibly take place between the Church of England and Dissenters. With what consistency, indeed, the union with Papists, which is here recommended, can be reconciled with the assertion, that union can under no circumstances be brought about with Dissenters, we must leave to such writers to explain : to us it appears that only the most inadequate sense of what Popery and Protestantism respectively are, could have involved any man in so monstrous a contradiction.

To conclude : we are honestly under no apprehension whatever that this scheme of a General Council will be resorted to ; nor do we believe that our Author could seriously have expected that it would, although he has ingeniously availed himself of the argument of its expediency, as the vehicle of the most unqualified and unmerited invectives against Dissenters out of the Church, Evangelical Professors within it, and the Bible Society both in and out of it. Had the mere project of a union between the two Churches of Rome and England been in question, we should have left it to its fate ; but while the project itself is utterly chimerical and absurd, we have felt that the arguments by which it has been here supported, are of a mischievous and injurious tendency, and have therefore required distinct examination, as being hostile to the best interests of vital truth, whether such truth be viewed in connexion with the National Establishment, or abstracted from all external modifications of Protestant

belief. The scheme of a union between the two Churches is worse than hopeless. To say nothing of all ancient history and all former experience, the present Pope, who is declared by Mr. Wix to be of a 'very amiable and accommodating temper,' and who, he further says, is 'described to be a holy and a good man,' has positively affirmed, within these few years, and even while under personal coercion, that 'there is no hope of salvation out of the Romish Church;' and further, that 'being divine, and necessarily one, it can form no alliance with any other.*' The Romish hierarchy, from the conclave of Cardinals at Rome to the lowest Deacon of the four Vicars Apostolic in England, are all agreed in the same pious confession.

The compliments which may mutually pass between certain Ministers of the Church of England, and the Priests of the Romish Creed, in reference to a union, mean little, and prove less. Dr. GEDDES, an honest Catholic, remarks of some of his own body: 'As to their fawning on the Established Clergy, it is truly ridiculous; the Established Clergy must be dim-sighted

* We sincerely wish to avoid every expression which may appear of a harsh or offensive tendency, but it is impossible, in common justice to the cause we advocate, to forbear expressing our unfeigned astonishment and sorrow, that in defiance of the best authenticated facts, such a statement of the temper and character of the present Head of the Romish Church should be openly given to the British public by a Protestant Minister. Is such an assertion, as to the impossibility of salvation out of the Church of Rome, any proof of the present Pope's 'amiable temper?' and is such a statement of the impossibility of that Church forming an alliance with any other, an evidence of his 'accommodating' temper? Is the revival of the odious Inquisition, that horrid engine of guilt and cruelty, a proof of the present Pope's 'holiness,' or does his revival of the infamous Order of Jesuits, the first and bitterest foes of the reformed faith, and the most furious persecutors of its professors, afford any better proof of his piety? Is his severe anathema against the Bible Society and all its adherents, from its noble President in England, down to the lowest servant who contributes her weekly mite in its support, any proof of the Pope's 'goodness,' or does his dislike of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, as evinced in the civil tyranny exercised by him towards many of the ministers of his own Church on the continent, convey any better evidence of such 'goodness?' We feel assured that facts like these have produced a very different impression throughout the whole Christian world than they appear to have done upon the mind of Mr. Wix; and we do not hesitate to say, that we rejoice in the assurance, that such specimens of modern bigotry and intolerance have not been without their use under His divine government, whose constant purpose is to educe good from evil, and who makes even 'the wrath of man to praise him.'

‘ indeed, if they can deem such homage sincere, and consent
 ‘ to snuff up incense from a Romish censer.’ Nor must those
 Protestant Ministers who advocate such a cause, feel any sur-
 prise if they experience the common fate of those soldiers who,
 while they “halt been two opinions,” are considered deserters
 by the army which they seem ready to quit, and spies by the
 forces which they appear disposed to join. So far was the
 Church of Rome from feeling itself under any obligations to
 GROTIUS for his attempts to effect a union of the two Churches,
 that his books were condemned by the Index Expurgatorius
 of the Holy See; and CASSANDER, who did not even yield to our
 Author himself in his charitable desire of effecting a coalescence
 between such opposite elements, shared no better fate, having
 experienced the mortification, after a life of hopeless exertion
 for a coalition, of seeing his learned works condemned by the
 Council of Trent, which, as it was too wise to be taught, was
 too good to be amended, by any preacher of union with Pro-
 testants.

We are not even willing to concede the credit of *novelty* to
 such a scheme as the present. ‘Before our troubles,’ says
 Lord CLARENDON, in his “*Religion and Policy*,” ‘it was a
 ‘ common bait held out by the Catholics, that there was but
 ‘ *small difference between the Churches of England and*
 ‘ *Rome, which might easily be reconciled.*’ And he relates
 an attempt then made by Mr. Davenport, a Franciscan monk,
 towards effecting such reconciliation. ‘Alas!’ adds his lord-
 ship, ‘those men know little of the Pope’s constitution, and
 ‘ how little he is moved by such overtures!’ We say, therefore,
 with TERENCE as to the claim of novelty in such a project,
 ‘ *Nil jam dictum quod non dictum prius.*’ With regard to
 the inevitable result of such a *beau projet*, we apprehend that
 if any arrangement could possibly take place, it would only be
 what Mr. BURKE once humourously called ‘an arrangement
 ‘ for general confusion.’ ‘Popery,’ said a late excellent
 minister of the Church of England, ‘is the masterpiece of
 ‘ SATAN; another such contrivance could not possibly be in-
 ‘ vented. It is a systematic and infallible plan to form
 ‘ manacles and mufflers for the human mind. It is a well laid
 ‘ design to render Christianity contemptible by the abuse of its
 ‘ principles and its institutions. It was devised to overwhelm,
 ‘ to enchant, to sit as the great whore, making the earth drunk
 ‘ with her fornications. It is in fact the mystery of iniquity; able to
 ‘ work itself into the simple, grand, sublime, and holy institution
 ‘ of Christianity, and so to interweave its own abominations with
 ‘ the truth, as to occupy the strongest passions of the soul, and
 ‘ to control the strongest understandings. Those two master
 ‘ principles, that *we must believe as the Church ordains*, and

‘ that *there is no salvation out of the Church*, oppose an
‘ almost insuperable barrier against the truth, in the ignorance
‘ and fear which they beget.’ Mr. Wix will no doubt designate
this as very uncharitable, but we believe that “this witness is
true.” It is with such a Church, then, and with her doctrines
and practices, that we are now invited to be at peace ; but have
we forgotten an answer which was once given to the question,
“ Is it peace ? ” “ What peace, so long as the whoredoms of
“ thy mother, and her witchcrafts are so many ? ” Bishop HALL
has long since settled this question of a Council. ‘ A General
‘ Council,’ he says, ‘ is no less impossible than reconciliation
‘ itself. For who shall call it ? who shall preside in it ? who
‘ shall be present, and give their voices ? what shall be the rule
‘ of their decisions ? THERE CAN BE NO COUNCIL HELD BY THOSE
‘ WHICH PROFESS A GENERAL AND PUBLIC DISAGREEMENT OF
‘ JUDGEMENT. Unless He that doth wonders alone by His
‘ stretched-out arm from Heaven, should mightily, beyond all
‘ hope, effect this ; we know too well that it cannot be done.
‘ Only this one thing which God hath promised, we do verily
‘ expect, to see the day when the Lord Jesus shall with the
‘ breath of his mouth destroy this *lawless man*. (Τὸν ἀνομον)
‘ long since revealed to his Church ; and by the brightness of
‘ his glorious coming, fully discover and despatch him.’ No
wonder that under such a sense of the character of that Church,
this great and pious man should declare elsewhere, ‘ WHEN
‘ GOD ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHURCH OF ROME FOR A DAUGHTER,
‘ WE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE HER FOR A SISTER, BUT NOT BE-
‘ FORE ;’ and again, ‘ WHEN SHE ABANDONS HER SPIRITUAL
‘ WHOREDOMS, WE WILL RECEIVE HER INTO THE FAMILY OF
‘ CHRIST.’

* * The Public will have observed that Mr. Wix’s work has been recently examined in the Morning Post, in a series of letters signed PHILOPATRIS. We believe it to be no secret that these letters are from the Bishop of St. David’s, and we are glad to find that such a work has already found so able a refutation. Mr. Wix, indeed, contends in two letters of reply, that the Bishop has both misunderstood and misrepresented his book ; and it is very probable he may put our Review upon the same footing. It is certainly impossible for us to know with what motives or intentions such a work may have been written, nor is it either our habit or inclination to impugn the motives of any writer ; but undoubtedly, so long as words continue to convey the sense which our forefathers attached to them, so long will the book before us be generally regarded as a defence of the most pernicious doctrines of the Church of Rome, mainly upon the ground of those doctrines being almost, if not altogether, identical with those of the Church of England. To us it appears that this theory has been successfully opposed by the Bishop, who has not only proved such a view

to be erroneous in itself, but clean contrary to the opinions publicly avowed by Mr. Wix himself, in an earlier period of his life, in his work upon the Articles of the Church of England. We will merely add, that if we were disposed to select one part of the Bishop's reply, as more convincing and conclusive than another, it would be this *ad hominem* branch of his argument.

ART. IX. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Mr. Oliver Cromwell who is a descendant of the family, will shortly publish, *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell and of his Sons Richard and Henry*, illustrated by original Letters, and other Family Papers.

Preparing for publication, an Essay on the Diagnosis, Morbid Anatomy, and Treatment of the Diseases of Children. By Marshall Hall, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c.

Shortly will be published in one vol. small 8vo. *The Lay of Agincourt*, and other Poems.

In the press, and will be published in a few weeks, in one vol. 8vo. with a portrait, an Account of the Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the admirable Crichton; with Notes and an Appendix of original papers. By Patrick Frazer Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.P.

The author of *Conversations on Chemistry*, &c. has a new volume at press entitled, *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, in which the elements of that science are familiarly explained, and adapted to the comprehension of young pupils. Illustrated with plates by Lowry.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Memoirs of John Tobin*, author of "The Honey-moon," &c. &c. With two unpublished plays, and other selections from his MSS. By Miss Benger, author of *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*, &c.

In a few days will be published, in two vols. foolscap 8vo. *Hints on the Sources of Happiness*. Addressed to her children, by a Mother, Author of "Always Happy," &c.

John Gamble, Esq. author of *Irish Sketches*, &c. &c. will shortly publish, *Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland*, in a series of letters written in the year 1818.

Lord John Russell has nearly ready for publication, in one vol. 4to. the *Life of William Lord Russell*, with some account of the times in which he lived.

Mr. W. A. Pearkes is printing, *Popular Observations on the Diseases incident to Literary and Sedentary Persons*, with hints for their prevention and cure.

The Rev. Harvey Marriott has in the press, *Homilies for the Young*, in two duodecimo volumes.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is preparing a Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, France, and Germany, in three volumes, to arrange with his *Decameron*.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 4to. with plates, *Travels in various Countries of the East*, being a continuation of *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, &c. Edited by Robert Walpole, M.A. This volume contains the last *Travels of the late W. G. Brown, Esq.*; also, a Journey through the Desert to Mount Sinai; another to Susa, in Persia; and various communications relating to parts of Asia Minor, Syria, and the Islands and Continent of Greece.

Poems founded on the Events of the War in the Peninsula, written during its progress and after its conclusion, by the wife of an officer who served in its campaigns, will soon appear, in an octavo volume.

Mr. W. Owen Pughe will soon publish, a translation of *Paradise Lost* into Welsh, in the same metre as the original.

A new edition of *Ossian's Poems* is preparing for publication, with notes, critical, historical, and explanatory. By Mr. Wm. Beauford.

W. S. Mason, Esq. is preparing a statistical Account, or parochial Survey of Ireland.

Mr. Playfair is printing, in two octavo volumes, *France as it is*, not *Lady Morgan's France*.

Mr. W. S. Rose is preparing a translation of the *Orlando Furioso of Ariosto*, with a life and notes.

The eleventh volume of Dr. Shaw's Zoology, will appear in a few days.

The Author of "Night," a descriptive poem, will soon publish; *Tales of Night*, in rhyme, comprising *Bothwell*, *Second Nuptials*, the *Exile*, and the *Devil on Sheafden Pike*.

Shortly will be published, in demy 12mo, *The Wandering Jew*, being an authentic account of the manners and customs of the most distinguished nations; interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men at different periods, since the last destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, in a narrative supposed to have been written by that mysterious character.

In the press, *A Short Account of some of the principal hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands*. With remarks upon the climate and diseases of those countries. By Henry William Carter, M.D. F.R.S. and one of Dr. Radcliffe's travelling Fellows from the University of Oxford.

Dr. Harris has in the press, an address entitled, "Advice and Encouragement to Sunday School Teachers," delivered at the Hoxton academy school house, 25th Sept. 1818.

The Rev. T. East of Birmingham, has in the press, a *Sermon on Home Missions*, and the claims which the country has on the zeal of Christians, preached before the associated minister and churches of Warwick and Worcester.

In the press, *Strictures on the Test and Corporation Acts*, with suggestions as to the propriety of an immediate application by Protestant Dissenters to Parliament for their Repeal. By a Protestant Dissenting Minister.

In the course of the month will be published in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with plates, *Letters from Palestine*, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judæa, with some account of the Dead Sea, and of the present state of Jerusalem.

The first part of a French translation of Dr. Wilson Philip's treatise on *Febrile Diseases* by Dr. Letie, was published in Paris last month.

Mr. F. Baily has just published a translation of M. Cagnoli's memoir, on a new and certain method of ascertaining the figure of the earth, by means of occultations of the fixed stars: together with notes, and an appendix to the same.

Mr. Dancy Lever has just published, a new edition of his *Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor*, or a Key to the leading of Rigging and to practical Seaman-ship, in 1 vol. 4to.

"*The Young Christian Instructed*," A reprint of Stebbin's *Christian Instructed*, or *Catechism*, with notes from the old Divines, revised by Mr. Wilkinson, of Christ Church, Oxford, to sell at 1s. is nearly ready.

Art. X. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The life of the late Rt. Hon. John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his son, William Henry Curran, Esq. Barrister at Law. With a portrait and fac-similies. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. boards.

EDUCATION.

Geography for youth, adapted to the different classes of learners. Third edition. By the Rev. John Hartley. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Introductory Greek Exercises, to those of Neilson, Dunbar, and others; arranged under models, to assist the learner. By Nathaniel Howard. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bound.

Hints for the Improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Wild's Illustrations of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, containing sixteen plates, in size 10 by 12 in. Atlas 4to. 5l. 5s. folio colombier, 10l. 10s.

HISTORY.

A History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans, to the accession of Henry VIII. By the Rev. John Lingard. 3 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s. boards.

Annals of Scotland, from the accession of Malcolm III. in the year 1057, to the accession of the House of Stewart, in the year 1371. To which are added, Tracts relative to the History and Antiquities of Scotland. By Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. of Hailes. Third Edition, 3 vols. 8vo.

Enfield's *History of Philosophy*,

from the earliest times, to the beginning of the present century. Drawn up from Brucker's *Historia Critica Philosophiæ*. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s. large paper, 11. 16s.

Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times, from the restoration of king Charles the second, to the reign of queen Anne. And a summary recapitulation of affairs in Church and State, from James I. to the Restoration in the year 1660. With the Author's life and explanatory notes. 4 vols. 8vo. 21. 2s. boards. large paper, 31. 3s.

HORTICULTURE.

Memoirs of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. With numerous engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 5s. boards.

LAW.

A Practical Treatise on the Criminal Law, adapted to the use of the profession, magistrates, and private gentlemen. By Joseph Chitty, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. 4 vols. royal 8vo. 51. 5s. boards.

MEDICINE.

An Enquiry, illustrating the nature of Tuberculated Accretions of Serous Membranes; and the origin of Tubercles and Tumours in different Textures of the body. By John Baron, M.D. Physician to the General Infirmary at Gloucester. Illustrated by five plates, 8vo. 14s.

MINERALOGY.

Familiar Lessons on Mineralogy and Geology; explaining the easiest methods of discriminating Minerals, and the earthy substances, commonly called rocks, which compose the primitive, secondary, flötz or flat, and alluvial formations: to which is added, a Description of the Lapidary's Apparatus, &c. By J. Mawe. With engravings, and a coloured plate. 12mo. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Third Series of Tales of my Landlord. Collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish-clerk of Ganderaleugh. Containing the Bride of Lammermuir, and a Legend of the Wars of Montrose. In 4 vols. 12mo.

A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope; containing an account of the principles and construction of the instrument, and of its application in various forms to the

useful arts. By David Brewster, L.L.D. F.R.S. 12mo. with seven plates, 6s.

The Aubid: an Eastern tale. By James Atkinson, Esq. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

The Journal of a Soldier of the 71st or Glasgow Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, from 1806 to 1815. 12mo. 5s.

Gogmagog Hall, or the Philosophical Lord and the Governess, a Satirical Novel. By the Author of *Prodigious*. 3 vols. 12mo 11. 1s.

The Theory and Practice of Bleaching with Oxymuriatic Acid; as now practised by some of the most eminent bleachers, paper makers, &c. By a Chemist. 8vo. 3s.

POETRY.

Lyrical Dramas: with Domestic Hours, a Miscellany of odes and songs. By Cornelius Neale, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. fcp. 8vo.

The Commemoration of Handel (second edition) and other Poems: to which is added a prospectus of a translation of Virgil, partly original, and partly altered from Dryden and Pitt, with specimens. By John Ring. 8vo. 6s.

Peter Bell, a Tale in verse. By William Wordsworth Esq. with a frontispiece, from a drawing by Sir George Beaumont, Bart. 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron complete. 3 vols. 8vo. 21. 2s.

POLITICAL.

Proceedings in Parga and the Ionian Islands; with a series of correspondence and other justificatory documents. By Lieut. Colonel de Bosset. With a map. 8vo. 7s.—This work contains an historical and descriptive account of Parga, with various particulars relative to the present state of the Ionian Islands.

A Remonstrance addressed to the Author of Two Letters to the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel, on the effects of a Variable Standard of Value, and on the Condition of the Poor. By an English Gentleman. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Oppressed Labourers; the means for their relief, as well as the reduction of their number, and of the Poor Rates, presented to public notice. Dedicated, in the first instance, to the Agricultural Societies of Great Britain. 1s. 6d.

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policy vindicated against the aspersions cast upon them by numerous Authors; the state of England compared with that of Ireland, Scotland, and France; &c. &c. By James Macphail. 2s.

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THEOLOGY.

An Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, with Remarks on Mr. Bellamy's new Translation. By John William Whittaker, M. A. 8vo. 9s.

Elementary Discourses; or, Sermons addressed to Children. By John Burder, M. A. 12mo. 4s.

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Christian Missions an Enlightened Species of Charity; or, a Vindication of the Policy and Expediency as well as Benevolence of the Royal Letter, authorizing Subscriptions throughout the Kingdom, in aid of the venerable Society for propagating the Gospel. Respectfully addressed to the Members of the Society, and to the reverend the Clergy who are about to plead its Cause. By the Rev. S. C. Wilks, A. M. Author of Christian Essays, and of the St. David's Prize Essay for 1811, on the Clerical Character, &c. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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